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THE TATLER

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PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S FOURTEENTH BIRTHDAY PICTURE
WITH PRINCESS MARGARET IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK

The happy occasion was April 21 and apart from a ride, which is part of the ritual whenever H.R.H. is at Windsor, there were other pleasant happenings—a tea party on the preceding Saturday, plenty of presents, and visits from Duke of Connaught who motored over from Bagshot, and from the Duke and Duchess of Kent with her children, Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra



The Social Round

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme"

The "slogan," from *Juvenal*, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709



THE CHRISTENING OF LORD CAMOYS' GRANDSON

Neither of the baby's parents were able to be present at the ceremony which was a private one in the Stonor Park Chapel. Second Lieutenant the Hon. Sherman Stonor, Lord Camoys' son and heir, is absent on active service. The baby was given the names of Ralph Thomas Campion George and in the group are, left to right: Lord Camoys, holding the baby's sister, Julia, Lady Gillian Drummond, daughter of Lord Perth, a godmother holding the infant, the Marquise D'Hautpoul, an aunt of Lord Camoys, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Stourton, the maternal grandmother.

"Gone With The Wind"

Of *Gone With the Wind's* three simultaneous London *premieres* the Empire was the most crowded. I make this assertion blindly, not having been to the other two. The heat of the auditorium, the length of the picture (which I strongly advise you to see in two halves) and the number of celebrities gave the occasion an all-in-Hollywood atmosphere. At the Hollywood *première* every one thought Hattie McDaniels, the monumental coloured actress, had run away with the saga, and Londoners said the same thing. She is colossal. Lord Castlerosse, Lady Oxford, Mrs. Anthony Eden, Lady Patricia Latham, Mrs. Walter Payne, her extremely pretty daughter (who lunches at the Ritz in a greenish checked Red Riding Hood cape which sounds odd but looks attractive), Miss Angela Ely escorted by Claude Mayes, and Constance Cummings were those within my range, but no doubt "every one" was there. Unable to get up or downstairs, the audience instead of relaxing during the five-minute interval, wore itself out clapping.

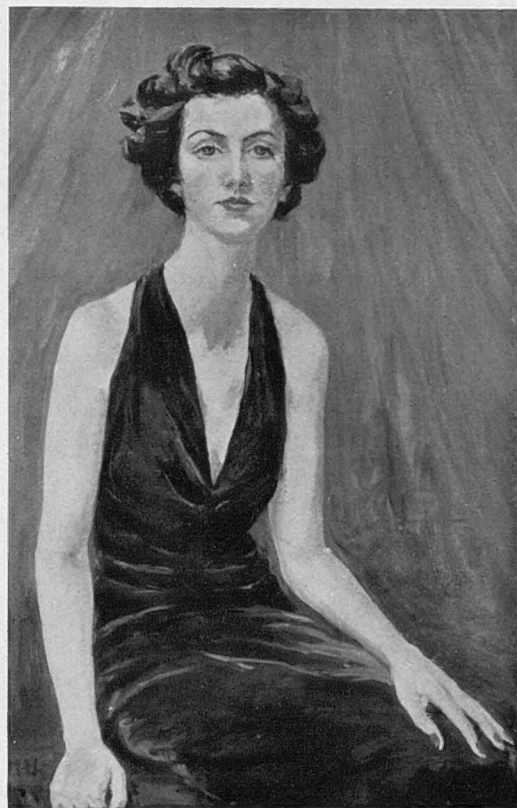
At the Gate

There are starry audiences at the Gate, where Sir Basil Bartlett's *Jersey Lily* is "very see-able" as a woman remarked, which made Keith Miller-Jones, who was escorting Betty Askwith, say slyly, "Why not visible?" The queen of the audience that night was Marie Tempest, dressed as every legendary lady should be, in an ageless Marie Laurencin hat foaming with black lace. Lady Dudley's party included Ivor McLaren, who told me he had heard a hundred hideous tunes during his search for new numbers for the *Under Your Hat* film, which he is producing. Lady Dudley has gone back to Le Touquet now that her fifteen-year-old dog is dead. "Gertie's" devotion to various pets is an intensely English characteristic, as is her sound common sense, shrewd judgment of others, and readiness to laugh at everything, including herself. Talking to her always makes me wish I had seen her on the stage.

Wartime in Bournemouth

Another historic stage figure, Vesta Tilley (Lady de Freece) has been in gay Bournemouth, which is full of goings-on. Calling at Branksome Towers on a Thursday we found no hope of a room for the weekend, but on the Saturday they "made room" on the ground floor, and that night we adjourned to the dinner dance at the Royal Motor Yacht Club at Sandbanks where the company included some officers of the Queen's Bays, Sir Leonard Lyle, who gave up his seat (Epping) to Mr. Churchill, and Jack Phillips, who was in the Clifford-Wallis party. Colonel Clifford-Wallis is one of those breezy industrialists more often met on the screen. He has moved his factory to the vicinity and is engaged on work of national importance. The one topic at the dance was Prohibited Waters.

People were yowling about the difficulty of bringing their yachts out and having nowhere to sail. Several have decided to use theirs as houseboats through the summer. We found the course at Parkstone playing admirably, and among visitors Captain Baron Marochetti of Prunier's.



MISS ROSEMARY MAITLAND-MACKILL-CRITCHTON

From the painting by Edith Urquhart. The engagement was announced last week of the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Maitland-Mackill-Crichton of Monzie Castle, Perthshire and Largo House, Fife, to Flying Officer J. H. L. Musker (late 7th H.), son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker.

Fish and Foyle

Asparagus takers at Madame Prunier's *établissement* last week included a little publicised older yachting woman and racehorse owner, Mrs. "Reggie" Gough, with whom we passed the time of war in the outer room on the way to the back room where steadier eaters recite the Walrus and the Carpenter. Here were Lord Sligo, the Howard de Waldens, Lord Tredegar (whose poem about that beautiful fish-eater, the heron, deserves to be included in the next anthology of modern verse) and Lord Donegall, my neighbour at Miss Christina Foyle's lunch for Sir Neville Henderson, who made a memorable speech, which you should have read. Anyway you must read his book about the last two years in Berlin. It was written with Lord Halifax's blessing, and the entire profits are going to a good cause. Sir Neville has gone abroad to rest. "Don" is going to



DAVID NIVEN BEST MAN TO HIS BROTHER

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Niven at the reception after the wedding in London supported by the famous film star, who came home immediately on the outbreak to go back into the service. The bride is the former Miss Doreen Platt



LADY RAVENSDALE AND SIR NEVILLE HENDERSON

The picture of the late Lord Curzon's eldest daughter and the late British Ambassador to Germany was taken at the *première* of the great British Navy film, *Ring of Steel*, at the Plaza. Sir Neville Henderson's most intriguing book "Failure of a Mission" is in everyone's hands



LADY SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL, THE HON. DOUGLAS BERRY AND MISS DRESSELHUYS

Another film *première* group—that of *Gone With the Wind*—at the Palace. People have been recommended to take it in two bites. Lady Sarah Churchill is the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough's eldest daughter. The Hon. Douglas Berry is one of Lord Kemsley's younger sons

Scandinavia again, and my other neighbour, Admiral Sir Richard Webb, would be serving somewhere, somehow, if he was not so very deaf. He told me that Captain Warburton-Lee's widow ("Liz" Swinton of that ilk) had been badgered by reporters directly after the news of her Bernard's heroic death. This cruel breach of taste so enraged Admiral Sir Edmund Goodenough that he wrote to "Auntie Times," whereupon one of the dailies telephoned him for a STORY about his views on reporters and publicity in general. "I can't tell you what he said," chuckled Sir Richard, who is a great pal of Sir Edmund's, "but you can guess." In my experience the Press is hardly ever deliberately unkind or indiscreet, while the public is often rude to my profession, and unnecessarily high-handed, or distant. At least the writing fraternity should behave politely to one



IN LONDON TOWN LAST WEEK

Sir Joseph Napier, who collected three wounds and was a prisoner of war in the last encounter with Germany, Lady Warrender, wife of Sir Victor, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, and Captain Hugh Deacon at a well-known restaurant one night last week

another. Bernard Shaw is the perfect example of a genius, much of whose publicity has come by giving every reporter and photographer a break. Miss Rose Macaulay, who was also listening to Sir Neville Henderson, does not follow this ingenious technique. She sat with her head down, like Garbo, and ducked for the first half dozen photographers who passed the word to the others not to try again.

Mainly About Women

The spring brought out new clothes, none smarter than Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham's all-red ensemble worn for lunch at Luigi's, where Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Miss Jacqueline Dyer, Miss Monica Sherriffe, Mrs. Wilfred Egerton and "Sandy" Vercker, Lord Gort's charmer son, were on leave from various activities. Mrs. Dorothy Campbell, whose spring hat is a small red boater worn perilously,

had been seeing the Duchess of Westminster off to France—"Loelia looked wonderful in her French uniform." She is as a duchess should be, *toujours bien soignée*. A popular Californian whose friends are delighted to see her around again after her husband's dose of double pneumonia, caught in France with the B.E.F., is Mrs. Selby McCreery, *née* Josephine Grant of Burlingame. She has had a weary time of it nursing him. The McCreerys, who live on a super ranch which they work themselves ("Heaven knows what's happening to it," says "Joe" anxiously) returned on the outbreak as he was still on the Reserve, but now that he has been invalided out they are going back on a diplomatic assignment in Washington. The other McCreery brother, Richard, who formerly commanded the 12th, married Lettice St. Maur whose elder and younger sisters married

The Social Round—(continued)

Goslings—all very hunt ball. The debts of fifteen strange years ago recall Helen, Lettice and Lucia, and their hyphenated nickname, and their chaperone the late Susan, Duchess of Somerset, with affection.

Crossing sun-flooded St. James's to the Ritz, we find Lady Catherine Ramsden in very green clothes like a summer leaf, and Lady Phyllis Allen *tête-à-tête* with Lord Tennyson. Boys against the bar include Basil "big deal" Kennedy and Major Roger Wright (late Grenadier Guards) with Graeme Fergusson. On the outbreak he found himself a "Second Loot," aged forty-five, without any training, sent to Scapa Flow, where he looked after food until he got appendicitis and peritonitis—a depressing experience. Now he, too, has

King Lear has been adversely criticized. The answer is that he is following Granville Barker's directions. Stephen Haggard may be called up soon (twenty-eight), but meanwhile he is making a propaganda film in which his own small son plays himself when young—a good way of keeping the salary in the family.

Anglo-American Budget

A conservative element in New York's Social Register must have been interested in Mrs. Pamela Dugdale's marriage to Lord ("Merry Michael") Aylesford, because her mother, Mrs. Henry Coventry, is a daughter of the late Ambassador Whitehouse, and a sister of Mr. Henry Whitehouse of the Knickerbocker Club, who looks more like an English diplomat than any English diplomat, except Sir George Clerk. His younger and unmarried daughter, Louise, was one of the most popular girls in Montego

Bay during those carefree pre-war winters when it seemed incredible that "it" would happen. I hear the Knickerbocker, one of the two best clubs in Manhattan, has compromised sufficiently with the twentieth century to permit ladies to lunch on Sundays. Harry Bull writes that the Racquet Club in Chicago has gone one better by installing rooms where women may sleep. In the I.S.C., after the Foyle lunch, I found no less than three elderly ladies asleep on sofas, which caused a shortage of *Sitzplätze*. Why not hammocks?

Among American engagements and marriages announced or solemnized recently are those of Mervyn Hynes, of Bearn

Court, Devon, to Amy Hamburger, of Newton Highlands, Mass.; Lady Vaughan-Morgan's son, John, to Emily Cross, of New York; Mr. Robert Montgomerie-Charrington, who was married to pretty Marsyl Stokes, stepdaughter of Henry Drummond-Wolf, M.P., in Egypt; Flying Officer Patrick Hannay, whose parents belong to the villa colony at Dinard, to Sir Richard Pease's daughter, Pixie, whose grandfather was Gustav Kissel, of New York; and Professor Walter Ripman's son, Hugh, to Mildred Geiger, of Philadelphia. Hugh J. Chisholm, Jun., who was married to Bridget Bate, of London and Rome, in October, is one of many working for the Allied Relief Ball, a mammoth party on the eve of the World's Fair, which reopens May 10. Three thousand five hundred tickets have been sold by the various committees, whose members include such international well-knowns as Miss Louise Iselin, Mrs. Warren F. Pershing (niece of Kitty and Gilbert Miller), Frank Crowninshield, "Moana" Williams, Constance Collier, Betty Shevlin Smith, the Mixsells (who were in Paris last month), and Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow, whose second husband must be feeling somewhat piqued with the Prussians, for whom his father is said to have fought in the *Garde du Corps* in the Great War.

British propaganda in America may be bad; American propaganda in England is worse. We do not hear of the warm individual efforts made on our behalf; for example, in April New Yorkers got up innumerable shows for Allied causes, beginning with a cabaret for Salvation Army work in France; next "A Night in the English Music Hall" happened one night in the Sert Room at the Waldorf. This was in aid of "Bundles for Britain, Inc.," a title which cannot fail to raise a smile on this side, albeit a grateful one. Proceeds from "The Sidewalks of New York" gala last week went to the Greater New York Fund, administered by Mr. John Brown, who is very much

alive. The final cabaret of the month was "A Night in Pre-War Scandinavia" for the American-Scandinavian Field Hospital. Prince Carl and Princess Ingeborg of Sweden with Countess Estelle Bernadotte pulled them into this. Isolationist Chicago has an American Friends of France committee recruited from the F.F.s, such as the Armours and the Fields, with Mrs. Potter Palmer 3rd, Mrs. Charles S. Dewey and Mrs. Leander McCormick, who is better remembered in Paris as Comtesse de Fleurieu, a typically vivacious, *petite* brunette, who is thankful that her son by her first marriage is too young for *service militaire*. The purpose of this working party in the Middle West is to carry on the traditions of the American Committee for Devastated France and, as its successor, to help the civilian population of France. Mrs.

(Continued on page 195)



QUEEN'S NIECE WEDS

The Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon, younger daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis and a niece of Her Majesty the Queen, was married on Thursday, April 25, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Mr. Lance A. P. Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Captain P. D. Robinson, 9th Northumberland Fusiliers, and Mrs. E. L. Dimond, of Ladywood, Seal, Chart, Kent. Mr. Robinson, who was a contemporary at Stowe of his bride's twin brother, the Hon. Timothy Bowes-Lyon, is a talented musician

been invalided out and is staying at Bournemouth, where, as hinted before, many people are recuperating. Mrs. Roger Wright (*née* Pemberton) is in her native New York, chafing to return to the danger zone, but the U.S.A. authorities discourage those who need not make the trip from embarking. This must be bad for the American book trade, as every east-bound passenger meant at least three new books in parting presents. Mrs. Randolph Chetwynd, whose first novel "Town Wife" did so well that she is bringing out another called "Money Troubles" (the title was decided on Budget Day), also used the Abri. Up from Sheffield, which, like many of the provincial cities, is bustling with activity and unaccustomed night life, she was going to tea with Mrs. Stephen Haggard and her husband, whose fool in



H.M. THE QUEEN

Her Majesty the Queen was present at the wedding of her niece, the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon to Mr. Lance Robinson on Thursday last. The bride's father, Lord Glamis, was unfortunately unable to attend as he is only convalescent at his Sussex home, Shovelstrode, after a serious illness

A PEAL OF WEDDING BELLS



GRIMSTON — DRUMMOND

The marriage took place on April 20 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Mr. Francis Brian S. Grimston, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Grimston, of Greycoats, Park Road, Haslemere, and Miss Monica Drummond, younger daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir Maurice and Lady Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks



THOMAS — FLETCHER

The wedding of Captain Edward Asa Thomas, R.A., only son of Mr. H. Asa Thomas, of Bineham, Chailey, Sussex, and Miss Patricia Marion Collingwood Fletcher, elder daughter of Mr. Heney Keddey Fletcher, of Withdean House, Brighton, and Mrs. Olive Wreford, at Preston Old Church, Brighton, on April 20, had a sporting flavour. The bridegroom has captained the Sussex cricket eleven and often played for the M.C.C., while the bride, who was a 1936 debutante, is an all-round sports-woman and a very enthusiastic follower of the Brighton Beagles



AYLESFORD — DUGDALE

Captain the Earl of Aylesford, R.A., and Mrs. Pamela Elizabeth Dugdale, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry, and of Mrs. Coventry, of 50 Charles Street, W., were married on April 18 at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, by the Rev. Dr. Geikie-Cobb



FELLNER — INSKIP

The youngest daughter of the Bishop of Barking, Miss Constance Elizabeth Hamilton Inskip, was married on April 20 by her father at All Souls', Langham Place, to Dr. Ernst Fellner, of 14 Hallam Street, W., who formerly practised as a barrister in Austria. The Bishop of Barking, the Right Reverend James Inskip, is the brother of Lord Caldecote, the Lord Chancellor



WALKER — WARBURTON

The marriage took place on April 17 at Carlton-in-Lindrick Church, near Worksop, of Major John Francis Walker, K.O.Y.L.L., son of Mr. A. J. Walker, of Mount St. John, Thirsk, Yorkshire, and Miss Margaret Warburton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Victor Warburton, of Wigthorpe House, near Worksop

THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

HOW sick one gets of the film's eternal wisecracking! And how delightful it is to move once again in a world of well-bred wit! In *Ils Etaient Neuf Celibataires*, now showing at Studio One, M. Sacha Guitry plays a boulevardier who is not quite a gentleman but is certainly not anything else—he wears the clothes of a crook—vivid yellow tie against sea-blue shirt—and yet carries them off perfectly. Jean is a crook, but one of the straightest possible kind. He describes himself as an insinuator! Money can only circulate by changing hands. Very well then! Jean insinuates his own pair of hands between the pair that gives and the pair that receives, and



INTO THE WIND

Dorothy Lamour (back in her sarong) and Robert Preston face up to the coming storm in this still from their new tropic island picture, *Typhoon*, which came to the Carlton last Sunday (April 28) following the immensely long run of *Gulliver's Travels*, the cartoon success. *Typhoon* is in Technicolor, which is gradually becoming almost a *sine qua non* of Hollywood's larger scale productions, and has in full measure all the high emotions, natural cataclysms and exotic backgrounds that are inescapably linked in the movie mind with locations "somewhere in the South Seas"

deducts a modest commission. But for the moment his tricks of insinuation have failed him; there is nothing doing on the boulevards or anywhere else. Then one day, sitting in a café expounding the philosophy of living by one's wits, he is interrupted by a newspaper-vendor crying the latest edict: All foreigners must at once leave Paris and persuade their own countries to give them hospitality. The consternation is general, from the Russian countess at the next table to the Italian waiter serving Jean.

Let me break off here to say how good even the newsvendor is in this film! He is old as are all French paper sellers, and as a Frenchman it is up to him to voice his endorsement of French policy in this matter of expulsion. The Government may be "sale"—one of the privileges of being a Frenchman is that of always being able to vilify the government in power!—but in this matter it has done right. Busted out through the swing door, he is by the very impetus of his ejection whirled back into the café where he at once resumes his tirade.

And now Jean puts on his thinking-cap.

Vintage Guitry

Foreign women are to be allowed to stay in France if they are able to find French husbands. "Tiens, une idée!" In a trice Jean has rented an empty villa outside which he proceeds to erect the sign, "Home For Old Bachelors." The opening day arrives, and Monsieur le Directeur sits at his desk prepared to receive applicants. Nine present themselves, and with French logic the Director says: "C'est juste! Il y a exactement neuf lits!" All nine of the old men turn out to be spars from the ocean of Parisian distress, and all still retain a measure of that dignity which is so distinguishing a mark of the French character. Each one is beautifully differentiated, and their names are delightful—Athanase, Adolphe, Adhémar, Alexandre, Amédée, Agénor, Anatole, Aristide. Then come the women who desire husbands in name only, and here the comedy is brilliantly restrained and nowhere allowed to overflow into farce. Seven matches are arranged, and seven weddings take place. Two of the old bachelors complain that no brides have been allotted to them. Whereupon Jean shrugs his shoulders and continuing in his unassailable logic says that since this is a home for bachelors it is essential that some must remain in his establishment. And then the bridegrooms fail to keep their bargain, each one turning up at one moment when he is least wanted.

All but one make nuisances of themselves, and the exception is Athanase. His reasons may be found, strangely enough and of all places in the world,

in Mr. Masefield's "The Everlasting Mercy":

Perhaps when man has entered in
His perfect city free from sin,
The campers will come past the walls
With old lame horses full of galls,
And waggons hung about with
withies,
And burning coke in tinkers' stithies,
And see the golden town and choose,
And think the wild too good to lose,
And camp outside as these camped
then

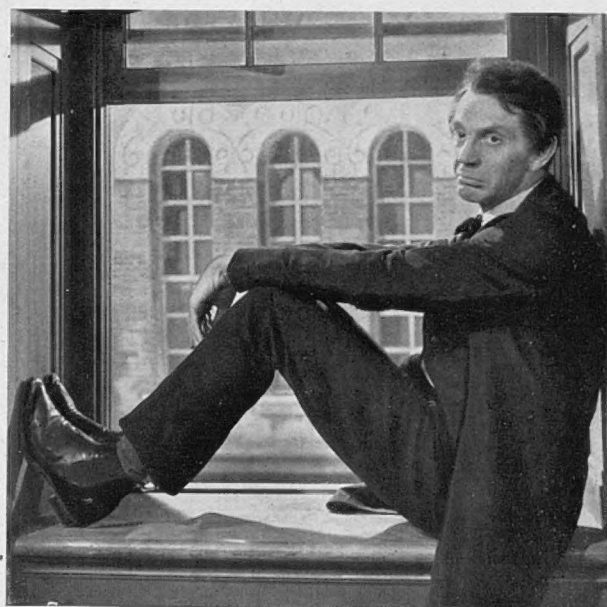
With wonder at the entering men.

Athanase admits that a warm bed is something and good food something more. But he realizes that he will be hampered by what another school of humour calls an "ever-loving wife," and by two daughters whose husbands are policemen. Shall I, reflects the old rogue, ever be able to take the air between my two sons-in-law without feeling that I am under arrest? No! For him the wild, meaning the freedom of the

Paris streets, is just too good a thing to lose.

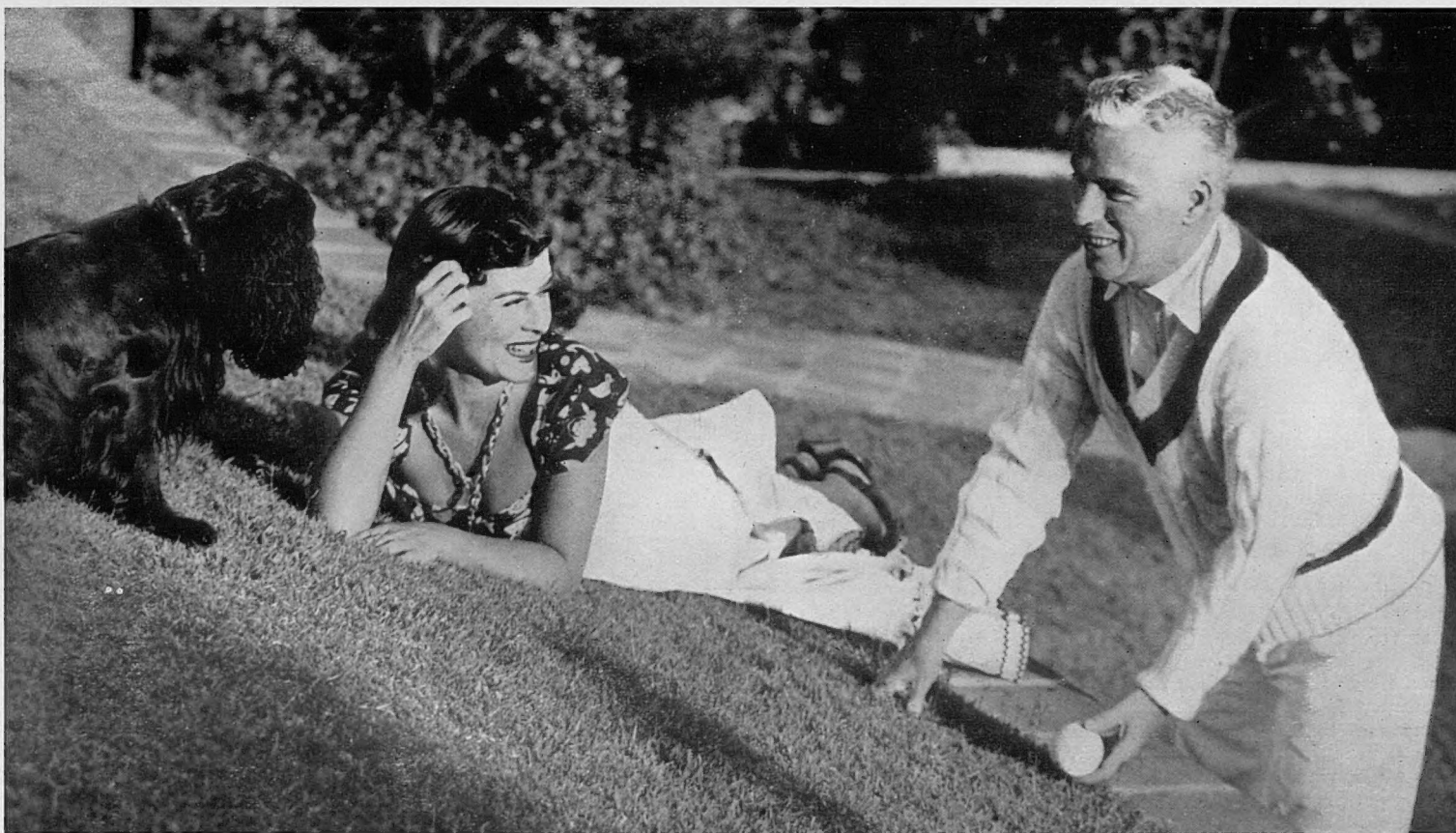
I shall have space for only one more of these husbands. This is Adhémar, who is married to what the English programme calls, with delicious prudery, the owner of a lingerie shop. Those of my readers who have been to the Redfern Gallery to see the Montague Shearman Collection of modern pictures may have noted a tiny Goerg entitled "Jugement de Paris." If they saw this picture they must still remember that awful, appraising Eye. May I be very personal for a moment and confess that between this sentence and the last one I went to the telephone and bought the picture? Mlle. Marguerite Pierrey, who impersonates the Eye, is like sixteen Maupassant stories about "lingerie establishments" all rolled into one. There is an enchanting moment when Adhémar, welcoming a dozen or so of what he presumes to be step-daughters, is astonished to discover that one is black. "That one of my predecessors," he says, "was, I presume, a colonial?" Madame smiles, and Adhémar continues: "One of our French possessions, I hope?" At that moment the valet-de-chambre, not to say doorkeeper, announces two gentlemen. Whereupon we are switched on to the adventure of one of the other husbands.

The things I most admire about this film are its entire refusal to have anything to do with clowning, and the extraordinary deftness with which all unpleasantness is skirted. To the French there is no deftness about it, for as a nation they just do not make mistakes of taste. As I have already indicated, the film is perfectly cast and perfectly acted in every part, with a very fine performance by M. Max Dearly. Sacha himself, rightly relying on his own unerring judgment, has seen that the piece of acting he himself contributes to the film must not be more than a witty footnote to it. The bachelors are the story, and Jean is merely the commentator. But we feel throughout that his is the master-hand that makes these old and creaking but nowhere unamusing puppets dance.



THE YOUNG LINCOLN

While the London Mask Theatre's revival of Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* has been unhappily killed by public indifference, the Plaza is showing a screen version of Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer prize-winning play about Lincoln in his young days. Raymond Massey gives one of the finest performances of a distinguished stage and screen career as the great emancipator whose words are so topical today while we fight against (among other things) false racialism



"DICTATOR" OFF DUTY

Charlie Chaplin's latest film, *The Dictators*, is expected to be ready for American release next month after years of highly secret work in the comedian's own studio. So Chaplin has some excuse for taking a spot of relaxation, and here he is with Paulette Goddard and their cocker spaniel enjoying themselves in the sunshine of a Californian spring. Paulette Goddard, apart from her work with Chaplin, is very popular with more prolific studios nowadays and was in *The Women* and with Bob Hope in *The Cat and the Canary*, a partnership which is repeated in *Ghost Breakers* now on Paramount's production list



STARS ON THE SET

Bette Davis is now reported to be wanting a chance to "show her legs on the screen" and says she is tired of playing "soured old women of history." Nevertheless her record of consistently first-rate performances in serious films is something to be proud of. *Dark Victory*, *Juarez*, *The Old Maid* and *Elizabeth and Essex* are recent examples, and this picture was taken in a slack moment on the set of *All This and Heaven Too*, now in the cutting room, an adaptation of Rachel Field's book in which Bette co-stars with Charles Boyer, whose French-made film *L'Epervier* came to the Embassy, Tottenham Court Road, last week. Recent Hollywood success was *When Tomorrow Comes*



DISEMBARKATION

Isa Miranda, one of the most successful of Hollywood's importations from Italy (Bruno Mussolini being notably the reverse a while back) has returned home in the liner *Rex* to make some films for Italian companies. Her most recent Hollywood effort was with George Brent in *Adventure in Diamonds*

RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

TAKE care of owners and the rest of the game will take care of itself. More than once have I echoed these sentiments in this column, so that a recent edition of the "Racing Calendar" with its highly satisfactory fixture list for the forthcoming three months provided me with the most attractive reading I have had for some time. Of particular interest was the two-day fixture under the Ascot authorities with over £8,000 added money, to be held on the July course at Newmarket. Having said so much I am now going to be ungracious and say that I wish the meeting could be held anywhere else except on the July course.

I began this article by saying that apart from owners, the racing community could take care of itself, but I did not intend those words to be taken quite literally.

On the July course the public—Members, Tattersalls and Silver Ring alike—get a very poor view of the racing, in fact much of the racing is held *in camera*. Although owners should be our first consideration, the public is entitled to see what's going on. I am not suggesting that there are not magnificent stands, beautiful turf to walk on, and a leafy plantation, where 'neath the shady trees one can forget Hitler, the Budget and one's book-maker's bill till one is unduly awakened to the realities of life by the close proximity of a horse's hoofs. The July course, however, is a masterpiece in the art of concealment and one marvels that any course could have been laid out from which so little of the racing could be seen from the stands. It must have taken them years to work it out. The substitute Gold Cup will be run over approximately two miles, three furlongs and a first-rate view of the last three furlongs may be had from the stands. The horses will come into view considerably earlier than this but you won't be able to tell t'other from which, as I'll bet you a pound to a bun they'll all be bunched together under the stand rails, and it would take a giraffe all its time to make out what's going on more than half-a-mile from home. A long neck is more essential to race reading on this course than even a good pair of race glasses. The best view of the racing is from the top of The Ditch. Excepting for the races which finish in the dip, you won't know what's won till you read it in the papers, but you do get a grand view of all except the last two furlongs. I'm afraid you won't be able to bet or get a drink up there, and as they're probably the two things you like doing best on a racecourse, this point of vantage may not appeal to you, but I've often returned to London after a "stinker" and with more than the suspicion of a headache, wishing devoutly I'd spent the day on top of The Ditch.

I watched the races for the Greenham Stakes, the Column Stakes and the Craven Stakes and it was as plain as a pikestaff that almost every trainer had given his jockey identical instructions, something after this fashion: "You know I've only been able to give him a month's real work owing to the blasted frost, and he's short of at least three gallops, so sit up against him as long as you can and when you do let him down, don't for heaven's sake knock him about, as the guv'nor thinks the world of him. Win if you can, but I don't think he's forward enough, and if he begins to tire drop your hands." The result was that these three races were in no sense of the word a true test; in fact they were little

more than three-furlong sprints. The weather was entirely to blame for this state of affairs and no one could possibly blame the trainers for not wishing valuable horses to be subjected to a hard race when they were not in the necessary physical condition, especially with the classics and substitute Ascot in view. A thoroughly fit horse of strong constitution will recover from a gruelling race in a few days, but a similar race will knock hell out of a horse who's short of a couple of gallops, and it may take the trainer weeks to build him up again.

Although the three classic preliminaries were reduced to three-furlong



MORE LEICESTER

Sergeant van Cutsem, better known as an owner and gentleman rider than as a soldier, with Jack Leach, the well-known trainer, both seemed to be taking a sunny view of life in general and Leicester in particular

sprints, I still believe that Tant Mieux and Stardust who finished at the head of the Greenham field and the Column and Craven Stakes winners, Lighthouse II and Prince Tetra will between them dominate the race for the Guineas, but Djebel has been sent over to run and it may rest between him and Lighthouse II.

Although he only won by a length, and there were no flyers behind him, I was immensely impressed with Lighthouse II's victory in the Column Stakes. Lord Derby's colt is no picture horse but he's a thorough workman and he's a grand mover in both his slow and fast paces, in fact, he's one of the best walkers I've ever seen. Perryman, who excels over either the Rowley or the Banbury Mile, rode the sort of race which should bring joy to a trainer's heart. He didn't bustle him, neither did he get the least bit uneasy when Lighthouse II was still half a dozen lengths behind the leaders at half-way and he was still a length or two behind when they met the rising ground. Timing his effort perfectly, Perryman may have given him one tap with the whip, and the colt did the rest himself going up the hill as if he loved it. There is nothing



AT LEICESTER LAST WEEK

Commander Vivian and Lady Ann Bowlby and Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley who is one of Lady Ann Bowlby's sisters and they are the daughters of Lord and Lady Wharnccliffe. They had good racing both days—plenty of runners and weather with a sniff of spring in it

showy or spectacular about Lighthouse II or his way of racing, but if ever I saw a potential stayer that horse is the son of Pharos and Pyramid. I am, of course, prejudiced in his favour by his good performances as a two-year-old in France and by his superb breeding. Pyramid comes from one of Lord Derby's best lines and besides being the dam of many good winners in France, is the dam of that versatile horse Pylon II who won the Chesterfield Stakes at Goodwood and a Newbury autumn cup. I shall back Lighthouse II in the Guineas, but I am even more confident of his winning the Derby. I am too old a hand to wax enthusiastically about a son of Tetratema winning the Derby and I won't stand the stylish Craven Stakes winner Prince Tetra at any price for the Derby, but I greatly respect his chance in the Guineas, especially if they don't go too strong a gallop. Arthur Wragg rode a very nice race on him and I am glad to see this young man getting the chances he deserves, for like his two brothers he is a most able jockey and he has certainly paid for any indiscretions in the past.

The abject failure of British Empire necessitates our ruling him out as a classic possibility though Basil Jarvis refuses to believe that he has gone altogether to the bad. Although I appreciated his ability, I never liked the colt as an individual even when he was carrying all before him as a two-year-old, and I liked him still less in the paddock before the Craven Stakes, for a more shifty eye I've seldom seen. I hope for all concerned the son of Colombo and Rose of England will mend his ways but I shall want to see him do it before I ever back him again. I have left myself with no space to talk about the fillies, but there's really not much to say except that Golden Penny is a lovely filly and worthy of her illustrious parentage. A daughter of a Derby winner in Hyperion out of an Oaks winner in Pennycomequick, she should be good and she certainly is. I should not be in the least surprised if Lord Astor's filly proves herself better than the colts.

Q. G.

AIR CHIEF
MARSHAL
SIR ROBERT
BROOKE-
POPHAM'S
AIR MISSION
TO
SOUTH AFRICA



(BELOW) THE AIR CHIEF MARSHAL, LADY BROOKE-POPHAM, AND STAFF, JUST BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE (L. to r.) Sq.-Leader E. F. Porter, Group Captain A. L. Paxton, Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert and Lady Brooke-Popham, and Sir James Stirling Ross, formerly First Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the War Office



AIR CHIEF MARSHAL
SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM

The Air Mission, headed by Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, which left for South Africa by air last week, will discuss the provision of facilities for the training of men of the R.A.F. from the United Kingdom in conjunction with men of the South African Air Force. Sir Robert Brooke-Popham is no stranger to South Africa, as he was Governor of Kenya Colony from 1937 to 1939. From 1935 to 1936 he was Inspector General of the Royal Air Force. He has recently been in Canada with the Mission headed by Lord Riverdale

Photo.: Karsh, Ottawa



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Lourdes

MOST of the truly significant influences in our lives have often sprung from the most trivial causes. When we trace back the events in our lives which for good or ill suddenly changed their whole goal, we often discover that they began by a mere word, a mere look, an apparently simple act, an unimportant encounter. These things happening at a certain psychological moment—and the whole of our existence henceforward seemed to enter a new phase; fortunate or disastrous, we realised only when it was impossible to do anything about it. So to speak, we simply wandered into danger or opportunity well-nigh unconsciously, little dreaming that it would prove of supreme importance later on, to others as well as to ourselves. Life lays such traps for us and uses the strangest baits!

The history of such a simple cause leading to such tremendous results is told in Edith Saunders's most interesting book, "Lourdes" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.). It is the history of poor little Bernadette Soubirous finding herself, after a short and none-too-happy life, acclaimed by posterity as a saint! She was the daughter of ne'er-do-well parents who, so to speak, bred dirt and children. Bernadette herself was simple, without being actually weak-minded. Mentally she never seemed to have grown up, and so all her life she was a victim to stronger influences. As a little girl she was neglected, overworked and abused. Then one day, while playing with two small companions, she wandered into a neglected grotto on the banks of the river and there, left alone, fell on her knees in prayer. While praying thus, she looked at the oval niche before her and there saw the figure of a smiling, gorgeously-dressed little girl.

The writer is sceptical as to the truth of this vision. She remarks: "She was the

ideal subject for a hallucination; any medical onlooker possessed of the facts concerning her might well have prophesied precisely that which took place at this moment in the grotto." And it must be observed that in the first instance the vision was only of a little girl like herself. Later on, as the story widened and deepened and attracted every sub-hysterical man and woman and child in the district, the figure grew from being a child into a young girl and eventually into a woman carrying a baby in her arms. The strangest part of this extraordinary history is, however, that the girl who saw the vision lived almost ignored by the sensational events which followed. And sensational these events were; though not unexpected if you face a certain mental trend in humanity which is ever-ready to believe in miracles, nothing being too illogical for faith, provided only it is clothed in the supernatural.

From this momentary vision of a half-starved little girl sprang events which very nearly influenced the whole history of France and will for ever remain enthroned in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. The story soon spread. The child returned to the grotto; the vision repeated itself. Nobody else saw the figure, but to Bernadette Soubirous it remained an ever-recurrent reality. She received messages; messages to sinners to repent. The story grew and grew. In the beginning the Church frowned upon it. The little Soubirous was scarcely the mental and physical type to be thus honoured. But gradually as more and more of the peasants, chiefly women, fastened on to the story as a new religious excitement, the local priests had to pay attention. The embers burst into flames, metaphorically speaking, when the local Prefect and

the police took a hand in the affair and tried to suppress the pilgrimages to the grotto as being subversive of public order. All the charlatans of the neighbourhood, however, seized eagerly on the story for their own self-importance. The event became at last a kind of affair between Church and State. Any man who sought to prove or disprove the truth was labelled as an enemy of man and of God. Apparently everyone, especially children, who felt that they, too, ought to see a vision, saw one. The story was elaborated out of all recognition.

By dint of much kneeling, a spring in the grotto just below the surface suddenly turned into wet mud, and from mud into an actual trickle, and from a trickle into a stream, which now flows towards believers in pipes! The stream, of course, had healing qualities not found in other springs of the district, though chemically it was the same. "Cures" began. The excitement and the hysteria grew and grew. Lourdes became a place of pilgrimage; the most renowned place of pilgrimage in the Catholic world.

Many of these cures were explained without the aid of anything miraculous. The explanations were, of course, never believed. Anyone who approached the subject, such as Zola, purely with a desire to ascertain the truth, was howled down as a sinner and a heretic. Money poured in. The church grew richer and richer and the local disciples of the cult became wealthy. The town prospered exceedingly. Until at last one of the quietest little towns in the Pyrenees now looks "one of the modern world's loudest achievements in vulgarity."

This is how Miss Saunders describes



THE REV. CHARLES SYMONS, M.C., CHAPLAIN-GENERAL TO THE FORCES

The Chaplain-General got his M.C. for conspicuous gallantry in the last war, saving men and horses. He served as a stretcher-bearer from 1915 to 1916 and he is again tremendously popular with all ranks



SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY FLOWER AT FOYLE'S LITERARY LUNCHEON

This particular luncheon was in honour of Sir Neville Henderson, formerly Ambassador to Germany, whose reminiscences have been published serially in the *Daily Herald* preparatory to their appearance in book form. Sir Archibald Flower is a great Warwickshire personality and benefactor and is chairman of Governors in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford

modern Lourdes: "Every hotel is a shop. Every shop a hotel in the holy town, and all is debased and shoddy. Lourdes has become a vast and overstocked bazaar of pious junk, devoted mainly to the sale of the Virgin. The traditional figure, originated centuries ago in perfect sincerity, is now turned out by some great commercial machine as a degraded, imbecile form to be sold by the ten thousand. Virgins overflow from the shops into the streets; they lie in countless cardboard boxes like stiff and unalluring dolls; they stand in serried rows on stalls and counters and confront one as long as the eyes remain open. They are labelled 'Luminous Virgins' and 'Washable Virgins,' and are even made in the form of bottles for carrying the holy water, the crown coming out as a cork." Nevertheless, the most interesting figure in this spiritually disturbing story, because the saddest, remains the figure of poor little Bernadette Soubirous, whose vision of a little girl like herself—only happy and healthy—started it all. Poor thing! She never enjoyed anything except her very simple faith. Deliberately she was kept well in the background. And not only in the background, but

(Continued on page 170)

"THIS WAR AS I SEE IT"

And Some of Those Who Saw It
at the Stafford Gallery



MADAME GRIPENBERG

The wife of H.E. the Finnish Minister, in front of Dora Crockett's "Ski Patrol in Finland"



DORA CROCKETT (COUNTESS LEWENHAUPT)



LADY JULIET DUFF

Studying some of the many contributions to this exhibition by Feliks Topolski, the celebrated cartoonist. Topolski has no fewer than eight pictures at the Stafford Gallery

The artist standing in front of another of her pictures, "Women Waiting." The Countess Lewenhaupt married a Swede, and had her artistic training under Sir Frank Brangwyn

JAMES LAVER
AND MRS. ALA STORY
James Laver is responsible for the opening of this present Exhibition, and Mrs. Ala Story is the founder of the British Art Centre, and its organising secretary



(BELOW) LADY ELLIS AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS SUSAN DU BOURLAY



The British Art Centre's latest exhibition is an earnest of its intentions for the future and a further confirmation of what has been done in the past by Mrs. Ala Story and her able collaborators. Since the British Art Centre was born in November last year, over fifty pictures have been sold and the help which it gives to the artist in these very trying times is incalculable

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

purposely her life was made hard and joyless, in case, so the religious authorities asserted, she should lose the humility of one destined to become a saint. The nuns with whom she lived saw to it that her life should be a grinding one, apparently in the belief—which, like so many of those who believe thus but do not apply it to themselves—

persuasive to the uneducated masses than are just and moderate opinions."

"People are never so unpleasant and dangerous as when under the sway of some religious passion."

"When men approach the realm of truth their speech is most guarded, their judgment ever suspended and their silence most frequent."

"To be religious is to have an intense desire and therefore the capacity to pierce the mists of illusion in search of truth."

"The love of the vulgar only knows itself by being offset by hatred, and the blacker the hatred the more emotionally poignant the love."

"Emotion is the undoing of us all, for before it truth can never be made clear."

A Doctor's Reminiscences

DR. FURBER'S book of reminiscences, "London

Doctor" (Geoffrey Bles; 10s. 6d.), is very readable, but it will be found most readable by those who know the author. It is that kind of autobiography. After reading it, and to a certain extent enjoying it, one feels that perhaps it ought to have been privately printed, since there is in it so little other than personal chit-chat to interest those who do not know the author, either as patient or friend. Superficially—and it is quite a superficial

book—it is the story of a happy and successful life, with nothing sensational in it and not many excitements: at least, so far as the reader is allowed to learn. Perhaps the most astonishing thing in it is that the author is one of a family of nineteen children; his mother marrying his father, as his second wife, being thirty-five at the time, yet "became the mother of eleven children, nine sons and two daughters, finishing with twins."

The rest of the autobiography is the pleasantly readable account of the writer's career as a doctor, first in the country, and then, taking the plunge, coming to London to settle in Wimpole Street, remaining there ever since, with hunting as his chief recreation. Many of the leading stars of the stage have been his patients, but he does not tell us very much about them. In fact, a more tactful autobiography has not often been written. It suffers from this defect. The chapter on "The Beautiful Mrs. Atherton," who died so tragically some years ago, might have afforded an interesting psychological study of a woman who, having lived for

her beauty, finds herself growing old with nothing to take its place; but, except for certain facts, the story might have been merely a reporter's account at the inquest. And of really good stories there are remarkably few. On the other hand, it is all quite readable, and a doctor's life, even though he tell only a quarter of the story, is always interesting.

A Good Detective Story

MR. AUSTIN FREEDOM is such an old-established favourite as a writer of first-rate detective stories that his new one, "Mr. Polton Explains" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 3d.), should be widely welcomed. Dr. John Thorndyke is, as usual, the solver-in-chief of the mystery; but the real hero of the book is Mr. Polton himself. He is Dr. Thorndyke's manservant and laboratory assistant. The first part of the book—and the best—tells the story of how, after a tragic struggle as a youth, Polton found in Thorndyke a saviour and a friend, and how he acquired that expert knowledge of clock-making which was to become so useful later on when the mystery had started and begun to deepen.



WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN CANNES

From left to right in the picture: Lady Joan Birkbeck with Miss Rosie Newman, F.R.G.S., who came over to show the films she took in India for the benefit of the French Red Cross. These films are going to be exhibited to the troops in the British zone. Standing behind: Countess de la Salle. Lady Joan Birkbeck, wife of Colonel Oliver Birkbeck, former Master of the West Norfolk, is the only sister of the Earl of Munster

that only suffering and self-denial bring us at last to God. In the end she became consumptive. She died—happy to die.

It is an infinitely pathetic story—though Bernadette is the only pathetic part of it. Happily, for the real soul of religion, the soul of it transcends its priests and its saints, its superstitions and its dogma. They fade, mostly ignobly by comparison, into the background of loving-kindness, wide toleration, real justice, infinite pity, helpfulness and true courage to bear one another's burdens—which is surely the sole foundation of all religions and will never die so long as mankind lives upon the earth with a dream in his heart. The publisher's description of Miss Saunders's absorbingly interesting book tells us that it was "inspired with the determination to probe the mystery of Lourdes, the author conducting a detached examination of the startling evidence and confusing events which made the miracles world-famous." And this, in my opinion, it does completely, whether you approve of it or not. Probably Lourdes is the last stronghold of mediæval superstition; yet again, probably not!

Thoughts from "Lourdes"

"INTOLERANT views expressed with clarity and vehemence are easily and quickly understood and are far more



SIR PAUL DUKES, K.B.E.

From the portrait by Flora Lion, R.P.S.

Yet another of the portraits of celebrities which are in the Flora Lion Exhibition at Knoedler's Gallery. A page of pictures appeared in our last issue. What Sir Paul Dukes does not know about Intelligence Service in Russia is not worth knowing. One of his most intriguing books is "The Story of 'S.T.25'"

The second part of the narrative is taken up by Thorndyke's tiresome, obstinate partner, Dr. Jervis. Its main feature is a strange fire which not only brings to light a dastardly gang of criminals but discloses as victim a man connected intimately with Polton's past. The story is actually quite a straightforward one, and rather too many scientific technicalities help to disguise its innate simplicity. But it is well written, and exciting, and never can you happily lay it down for long once you have begun to read it.



CRAYON AND CAMERA: MRS. FULKE WALWYN

Anthony Beauchamp's original and striking method of double portraiture brings out to the full in two media the remarkable beauty of Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, wife of one of our leading G.R.s, whose experience in the hunting field and between the flags is wide indeed. Mr. Fulke Walwyn won the 1936 Grand National on Major Furlong's Reynoldstown. Mrs. Walwyn was Diana Carlos Clarke, one of the loveliest débutantes of a few years back.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"



MR. NORMAN SNOW

In our issue of April 3, 1940, under the heading "War Within a War—Boxing at Earls Court," we incorrectly stated that Arthur Danahar won his fight with Norman Snow, who had to retire at the end of the second round. Arthur Danahar was, of course, disqualified in the second round, and Norman Snow, whose photograph appears above, was awarded the contest. We much regret the error and apologise to Norman Snow for any inconvenience or annoyance which its publication may have caused him

A.U.C.! It would be intriguing if the illustrious founder and also defunct brother would kindly "come through" and tell us what they think of the pinchbeck Romulus.

THE following is an extract from Major Colin Davy's "Ups and Downs," which I had the pleasure of reviewing just before the war, and it is the passage in which he relates how he won the Army Feather-weight Boxing Championship:

As I rose from my corner, tired and savage with disappointment, and determined to pin this elusive bit of gutta-percha somehow, I saw what Leslie (a ringside friend) had seen—that he could barely keep his feet, that his eyes were glazed and he was holding out his hands for the final shake in a direction quite different to where mine were. *He was out on his feet.* He had been out during the whole interval from my last and only punch.

I suggest that this little story is well worth committing to memory.

A soldier and sailor too writes this very apposite note to me—the German Navy now being in contact with our own:

I see according to newspaper accounts that the *Von Spee's* ship's company turned it up and refused to take the ship out to fight again. I can't say I blame them altogether. It was asking rather too much of a young crew such as they are said to have been, after having a devil of a tanning in their first action, to take it on again so soon after. If they had had time to get over it or had been on the winning side, I dare say they would have come up to scratch. The fact is that freak ships, like other freaks, have their weak points, and I should say the pocket-battleships, splendid on paper, were mere shell-traps in practice. Even the Germans can't get a quart into a pint pot.

POLO, for which, under ordinary circumstances, some people would be beginning to fettle themselves up, is, for this

year at any rate, up the pole—Ranelagh out of action for the duration so far as polo is concerned, Hurlingham ditto, though open for other purposes, and how can anyone hope that the game can 'come back in this country to what it was? It may not disappear completely, but very few people will be able to afford it. It was tottering in 1939. Then came the débâcle of the American matches, which, if they had gone differently, might have saved the situation—a bit. We lost all our "war-chest" through unfortunate circumstance, as some think—and then the war! International polo is dead for at least a quarter of a century, and that may be a conservative estimate. Of our International squad 1939,

that is, team and reserves, I have only news of two: Hesketh Hughes is a subaltern in the Welsh Guards and John Lakin with his yeomanry somewhere in somewhere—his regiment being still a horsed unit, it is possible that they are a long way off. I have heard nothing about Gerald Balding or Aidan Roark—latter now married, but probably both serving.

OUTSIDE the team and appurtenants, one of the greatest pillars of the game wrote me quite recently from a place called "The Scrubs," saying:

As you see, I have at last got my deserts and am in the middle of the sixth month of my stretch. As far as I can see, I am in for

(Continued on page ii)



THE ARMY XV. WHICH BEAT GREAT BRITAIN

The result in this last Rugger International of 1940 was the Army 23, the losers 15. It was in aid of the Army Recreational Fund and was played at Richmond

The names in the picture are: (standing, l. to r.) Captain Northcote-Green (touch judge), Flt.-Lieut. C. H. Gadney, R.A.F. (referee), Cadet R. E. Prescott (Harlequins and England), Cadet T. F. Huskisson (O.M.T. and England), Cadet A. W. B. Buchanan (London Scottish and Scottish Trial), Gunner W. H. Travers (Newport and Wales), Cadet A. F. Dawkins (Richmond), 2nd Lieut. R. B. Mayne (Queen's University and Ireland), (touch judge); (sitting) Sergt. S. Walker (Instonians and Ireland), Lieut. F. J. Reynolds (Old Cranleighs and England), 2nd Lieut. P. Cranmer (Richmond and England), Lieut. E. J. Unwin (Rosslyn Park and England; captain), 2nd Lieut. W. Wooler (Cardiff and Wales), Cadet G. B. Horsburgh (London Scottish and Scotland), Gunner W. E. N. Davis (Cardiff and Wales); (on ground) Sergt.-Inst. Haydn Tanner (Swansea and Wales), V. G. J. Jenkins (London Welsh and Wales)



Photos: Stuart

THE GREAT BRITAIN SIDE v. THE ARMY

Though the soldiers won by 23 points to 15, it was only after a very hearty and rousing scrap, and up to a quarter of an hour from full time Great Britain were leading 15 to 9.

Then came a magnificent counter-attack by the Army

The names in the above are: (standing, l. to r.) G. Hollis (Oxford University), R. W. Sampson (London Scottish), J. T. W. Berry (Leicester and England), Leslie Davies (Swansea and Wales), 2nd Lieut. F. G. Edwards (Leicester and England), S. R. Couchman (Old Cranleighs and English Trial), Gunner C. L. Newton-Thompson (Cambridge University and England), R. T. Campbell (St. Mary's Hospital and English Trial); (sitting) C. Mathews (Bridgend and Wales), Pilot Officer D. E. Teden (Richmond and England), C. Howard Davies (Swansea and Wales), Dr. T. Kemp (St. Mary's Hospital and England; captain), Flt.-Lieut. C. G. Gilthorpe (Wasps and England), J. Heaton (Waterloo and England), Paymaster-Lieut. J. K. Watkins (Royal Navy and England)



THE LIGHTER MOMENTS OF CONTRABAND CONTROL

BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

"UP AND DOING" AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT

FULL-BELLIED laughter is guaranteed: here are Leslie Henson, Binnie Hale, Stanley Holloway, Cyril Ritchard; two of them at their best, the others not far short of it; with script, gags, business and foolery to match. No current revues could compete with the array, if the wartime taste didn't run overwhelmingly to any kind of foolery set to new and old tunes.

Mr. Henson bursts upon his audience in gentleman's combination-underwear, and takes his leave in officer's mess-kit. Between the extremes he is funny as a Lancastrian husband, a fan-dancer, a pianist conjuring with Rachmaninoff *à la* Hambourg, an Irish

imagination, and writhe together a perfectly revolting fan-dance. The last-named will prevent all who see it from ever keeping a straight face when invited to admire nude Acts. It, and one other absurd turn in *Up and Doing*, may do more to kill the stage-undressing than all the current letters to



"TO THE SEA IN SHIPS":

STANLEY HOLLOWAY AND BINNIE HALE

butler, an English sahib, a French *jeun' homme*, and especially, himself. He is funny with backchat, funnier with grimaces, funniest when he shares the spoils with Mr. Holloway, Miss Hale and Mr. Ritchard.

Henson and Holloway patter as though they had been a double turn ever since Flanagan met Allen. Henson, Hale and Holloway show how grape-fruit can be as deadly as curiosity in killing friendship. Henson and Ritchard superbly interrupt Holloway when he tries to recite "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God." As Army officers who served with Mad Carew and know their Khatmandu, they won't permit inaccuracy and exaggeration. Carew wasn't what you might truly call mad; the green-eyed idol was south, not north, of the City; and the Colonel's daughter was neither young nor as fond of Carew as all that. If the actor-fellow wants to continue, he must get his facts and topography right—so he tells of a fairly sad widow who tends the grave of mentally deficient Carew.

Going further among the permutations and comic combinations, Henson, Hale and Ritchard are pungent in French comedy, do a war sketch with its climax in the most wonderful day-dream possible to military



À LA HAMBOURG: LESLIE HENSON

the Press from Disgusted and Subaltern's Mother. The other is a Victorian striptease, in the form of hilarious miming by Hale and Ritchard, amid flickering lights, of



MUCH ABOUT LOVE: GRAHAM PAYN, PATRICIA BURKE



THE SOLDIER'S NIGHT OUT:
BINNIE HALE, CYRIL RITCHARD

A Soldier's Night Out as seen in the pier-head machines of our up-to-date holiday resorts.

Holloway and Hale, I regret to mention, are not very rousing in a number intended to glorify the Navy; the fault being in a rather tepid song. But Miss Hale on her own is gloriously unkind to the mannerisms and top-note searchings of Miss Evelyn Laye; and Mr. Holloway on his own does Hulberts to the peculiar life, and presents his Ramsbothams in a fairly new poem which is well up to the previous standard for that family saga. Mr. Ritchard, *solus*, is horribly gorgeous as a Gloria Gangrene at the microphone, and as a sabre-toothed tiger of Whitehall fighting the war with pencil and paper and red tabs. He also renders the late George Grossmith's "Yip-i-addy-i-ay" as an awfully jolly period-piece. This was much applauded; partly, I believe, because of Mr. Ritchard's energetic scissors-leaps, but chiefly because of the good old song itself. There is little burlesque in Mr. Ritchard's rendering; and if it is meant to be done "straight," why then, the chorus-dresses are off the map for the year of "Yip-i-addy-i-ay"—which in any case had more verve in the quieter, less breathless, more surely tuneful manner of Grossmith himself.

Most of all this reads like a catalogue of good things; but what else is to be noted about a first-class revue, without any special pattern, that made me laugh and laugh and laugh? I should add, in case it suggests a press-agent's rhapsody, that Miss Hale is by no means suited by a piece of mediæval tushery; and also that no fewer than eight songs are sung about and around the thing called Love. Miss Patricia Burke sings seven of them with expression, and has a charming voice, but she is less impressive in dance. Mr. Graham Payn, her partner in the love-stuff, is apt in dance and pleasant in song. Miss Enid Lowe makes a useful third or fourth in several sketches.

PENS AND NEEDLES

Ursula Bloom
At Home in Chelsea

These pictures of Ursula Bloom, the celebrated novelist, were taken at her charming flat in Cranmer Court, Chelsea, where she lives surrounded by samplers, trophies of the needleworking skill of generations of her ancestresses—skill which she has inherited in full measure. Inherited, too, is her *cacæthes scribendi*, for her father, grandfather and great-grandfather were also authors, though of the non-fictional variety. Miss Bloom herself has more books to her credit than she cares to count, and yet another is coming from Chapman and Hall on April 29. It is "The Log of No Lady," and tells of the author's personal experience of evacuation in the early days of the war, a subject close to a good many hearts—and tempers. "*Hors plume*," Miss Bloom is Mrs. C. G. Robinson, wife of Paymaster-Commander Charles Gower Robinson, R.N., who is now helping the cause of truth in the Ministry of Information

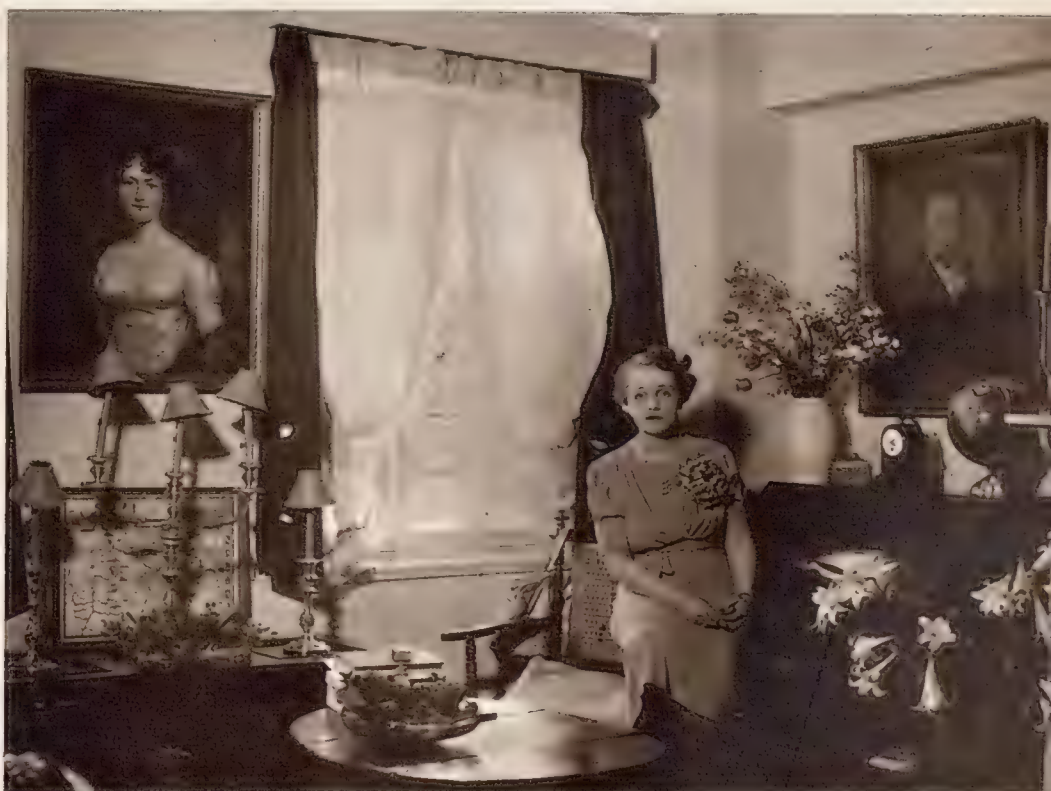


DOUBLE TRACK

Underneath specimens of her forebears' needlework Miss Bloom holds a modern *jeu d'esprit*, a tray decorated with an itinerary of her fifteen years of married life, amusingly showing all the places in which she and her husband have lived or which they have visited together



URSULA BLOOM RELAXES IN THE BLUE BEDROOM ON A BEDSPREAD WORKED WITH THE NAMES OF THE SHIPS IN WHICH HER HUSBAND HAS SERVED



ANCESTORS LOOK DOWN ON A FLOWER-FILLED ROOM IN URSULA BLOOM'S CHELSEA FLAT

Photos. by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"THE NEW FOREST CAVALIERS"

The Driving Club on a New Forest Tour



THE LECTURE AT BURLEY MANOR HOTEL

Major Faudel-Phillips and his audience at the little after-luncheon talk, which naturally was listened to with rapt attention

THE RALLY EN ROUTE TO BURLEY

Leading the drive is Major H. F. Faudel-Phillips, who afterwards gave an interesting lecture on the art made famous by Jehu



MAJOR TOBY CURTIS AND MISS M. WILSON

The governess cart is of the ripe age of twenty years. Major Toby Curtis is the Hon. Secretary of the New Forest Foxhounds, of which Sir George Meyrick is the Master on the wartime rota

There are two things which everyone, so the fable goes, believes that he or she can do. One of them is drive a horse and cart, and the other edit a newspaper. They do not suggest themselves as being very much akin, and neither is as easy as all that. Major Faudel-Phillips, who is an Hon. Director of this New Forest Branch of the Driving Club, may not know a great deal about editing a newspaper, but what he does not know about driving is not knowledge. Some of this he is seen imparting to a much-interested little audience.



SIR BERKELEY PIGOTT AND (BELOW) MRS. HAROLD GIBSON AND MISS ROSALEA DODSWORTH

Mrs. Gibson's vehicle was built in Calcutta 25 years ago, and Sir Berkeley Pigott's glorified farm-float is 20 years old

The vehicles, twenty-five in number, were mainly ancient, but still perfectly sound and road-worthy, as is proved by the fact that not one fell out on this five-mile rally from the Rising Sun, Wootton, near Sway, in Hants, to the Burley Manor Hotel, where the whole caravan was rewarded by a most excellent lunch and, as has been said, some post-prandial mental food upon what has ever been a fascinating and sometimes exciting pursuit or pastime, as the case may be



Photos.: Kinsey Bros., Delhi

THE VICEREGAL VISIT TO H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF KAPURTHALA

(ABOVE) THEIR EXCELLENCIES WITH THE MAHARAJA'S GRAND-CHILDREN, AND (AT BACK) LADY JOAN HOPE AND THE MAHARAJA, AND (ON RIGHT) THE STATE BANQUET

The recent visit of their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow to H.H. the Maharaja of Kapurthala was not the first occasion upon which his Highness has been honoured by being the host of the representative of the Crown in India. In the photograph of the banquet at the palace at Kapurthala the Maharaja is seen proposing the toast of the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress and their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Linlithgow. The heir to the *ghadi* of Kapurthala is his Highness's son, the Tika Raja Paramjit Singh





CAWSAND PLACE IS SIR CHARLES AND LADY FORBES'S LOVELY HOME NEAR VIRGINIA WATER ("BINKER" AND "REX" IN BACKGROUND)



DAFFODILS ARE PLENTIFUL IN THE GROUNDS OF CAWSAND

LADY FORBES—WIFE OF



AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS IS A PORT

The man who was Jellicoe's Flag Commander at Jutland stands now in Jellicoe's place, thrashing the German Navy out of and to the bottom of Scandinavian waters. The whole world has thrilled (with the exception of one gentleman and his cronies, who may well be presumed to have trembled) at the recent exploits of the British Navy in the Norwegian campaign. Behind these exploits and their story of individual and corporate gallantry stands the planning of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, Admiral Sir Charles Morton

THE HOME FLEET C.-IN-C.



TRAIT OF SIR CHARLES BY DOUGLAS WALES

Forbes. On these pages Sir Charles's charming wife is seen at their home, Cawsand Place, near Virginia Water. By a coincidence, Lady Forbes is Scandinavian-born, a Swede whom Sir Charles first met while with a naval mission to the Baltic. She is rarely at Cawsand nowadays, though she works hard to keep up the grounds, which are one of her husband's special joys; for during the week she works, with other prominent naval wives, including Lady Pound and Lady Louis Mountbatten, at the Halkin Street H.Q. of the Committee of Depôts for Knitted Garments for the Navy



THE NEW AGATHA CHRISTIE DETECTIVE-STORY PROVIDES RELAXATION FOR LADY FORBES IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CAWSAND PLACE



"BINKER" AND "REX" ARE IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—The chestnut-trees that border the Cours la Reine are almost in blossom, and the equestrian statue of the great Belgian King that faces the Place de la Concorde stands out against the tender green of the foliage. Every day fresh flowers, tied with the colours of all nations, are placed at the base of the tall pedestal, on which the following lines are inscribed:

We have but one feeling in our hearts: Patriotism. One vision alone haunts us: The menace to our independence. One duty lies before us: Stubborn resistance to our enemies. I believe in the future. A country that defends itself inspires the respect of all and cannot perish.

ALBERT I.

This translation is, of course, not worthy of the original. In French, the simple beauty of the wording is even more moving. The spirit, however, remains even in the above, and it seems impossible that any "neutral" reading these lines should not be inspired by the example and advice they give. And, anyway, leaving aside all sentiment, by now there can be no illusion about the German attitude towards any "little fella" that stands in the way. It is that of the undertaker's horse, sung by Kipling: "Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming! Who's the next!" Happily one may add, the knacker's yard is looming larger and larger on the horizon for this horse, though he may still have time to do a good deal of damage before he gets there.

THE reaction of Parisians to current events must be, I imagine, pretty well the same as that of Londoners. The eager crowd snatching at the extra editions

of the daily Press, and reading over each other's shoulders in bus and *Metro*; the breathless listeners gathered round the wireless and standing in solid, silent masses in the street outside the radio shops where the loud-speakers blare. The impatient, angry twiddling of knobs and what-nots when, probably because of a far-distant—or near—air-raid warning, a broadcast "goes dead," and the invariable comment when we learn that another German ship has gone to the bottom: "It is grim that such horrors should make us so happy." Paris is far more sentimental than foreigners imagine.

PARIS is practical also, and quite decided to carry on as usual whatever the skies let fall in the way of news or . . . otherwise. Even the open-air stamp mart flourishes same-like in peacetime. Philately must be an all-absorbing hobby if one may judge from the seedy old fellows who haggle over the bits of coloured paper that leave the other half of the world indifferent. I even saw a young soldier bargaining with the same whole-hearted energy that he probably calls into play when explaining to a farmer's wife the mysterious disappearance of her chickens. I also heard the same soldier, when greeted by a civilian friend, reply hastily: "All goes well, *mon vieux*, and I'm looking fine, thank you!" This "I'm looking fine" is a recent slogan. The *poilus* deeply resent being told how healthy they look when they come home on leave, and see to it that the home folk don't get the remark in first!



M. AND MME. JACQUES WITTOUCK

The Belgian Consul in Monaco is no stranger to the racing world in this country or in his own or those of France and Australia. In 1928 his "Palais Royal II." ran second in the Leger to Lord Derby's "Fairway," and subsequently he won the Cambridgeshire. In his business preoccupation he is a big armaments magnate. He served with distinction in the 1914-18 German War



Antony Beauchamp

FAMOUS FILM PRODUCER AND CHARMING WIFE:
MR. AND MRS. IVAN FOXWELL

Their marriage took place very quietly on February 28 at St. George's, Hanover Square, and he is now in France with his unit. Ivan Foxwell has been responsible for that good French film, *Carrefour*, which was at the Curzon Theatre last June, and its English re-make, which was called *Dead Men's Shoes*, finished its run at the Regal only a short time ago. Ivan Foxwell's latest picture, *François Ferdinand d'Autriche*, was finished just before the war and is now a big success in Paris. We may have it in London soon. Mrs. Foxwell is a daughter of Captain the Hon. Lionel Lambart, R.N., and a niece of Lord Cavan

AT the Gare du Nord, where one is likely to see more of the B.E.F. than at any other railway station in Paris, and where quite a few *midinettes* are to be found, during their luncheon hour, gazing at *ces beaux Anglais*, I heard the following exchange between two Cockney soldiers: "An' that's what they call er fine leg fer a boot, mate." "Yus," answered the mate, "an' a darn small 'ead fer 'is tin 'at." I transcribe without comment.

THE Sunday-afternoon crowd strolling in the Champs Elysées got an unexpected thrill when the forty-four women drivers and attendants of the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps came to take a dish o' tea with their comrades of the Union des Femmes de France at the U.F.F. headquarters. Paris

last camera had clicked, everyone settled down to delicious sandwiches, *petits fours*, wet tea (I think it was tea) and excellent champagne. I had the honour of talking to Commandant Colquhoun, who told me that the whole of the British Empire was represented in the Corps. I can vouch for having met Miss Canada, who liked the U.F.F. badge so much that I presented her with mine . . . and didn't 'arf get ticked-off by our Sarge for doing so when the party was over. I'd like to tell you about all the celebrities who were present and the speeches they made, but I was wearing a new uniform, and, not wanting to spoil the set of the coat, had come out without a pencil or notebook. However, celebrities and speeches notwithstanding, it was a grand party.

PRISCILLA.

MYRNA LOY'S
NEWEST AND
VERY
CHARMING
PORTRAIT



The last news about the attractive lady who is the favourite star of so many people is that she and her opposite number, William Powell, are just about starting work on a new picture which has nothing whatever to do with thin men—crooks or detectives. This is a new M.-G.-M. romantic comedy, *I Love You Again*, which sounds as if it ought to be something right into the hands of this talented pair. Everyone presumably has seen them recently at the Empire in *Another Thin Man*, a good detective story in the American style





LAST WORDS TO THE JOCKEY

Lady North, Lord Guilford's daughter-in-law and a daughter of Sir Merrik Burrell, with Angela, her youngest daughter, just before she went into the ring

THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM'S YOUNG IDEA: THE PONY CLUB HUNTER TRIALS



MISS V. PELLY IN THE UNDER-21 CLASS

Obstacle not alarming, but a nice, free-jumping pony and the young pilot's hands and seat just as they should be



PART OF THE MUCH-INTERESTED GALLERY

Lady Hermione Buller, sister of Lord Moray and wife of the Admiral; Mr. Robin Buller, R.N., their son; Admiral Sir Henry Buller, and Major G. M. Neilson



LADY LORNA HOWARD AND THE HON. MRS. WALTER BURRELL

Lord and Lady Baldwin's younger daughter and wife of Captain the Hon. Arthur Howard, and Sir Merrik Burrell's daughter-in-law



Interesting pictures taken at West Grinstead Park, where the Crawley and Horsham, that famous Sussex pack, were doing a bit in the way of bending the young twig in the way that it should grow, and from all accounts their Pony Club, like all the others, is doing it very well. There was a bumper gallery and they got sixty entries, which is extremely good going. The mantle of the prophet fits no one: but who knows how soon now it may be before we are permitted to return to a more or less normal life?

(LEFT) JULIET ABBEY
Captain and Lady Ursula
Abbey's little daughter
giving her pony the
reward of virtue

(RIGHT) PENELOPE
BURRELL
Major and the Hon. Mrs.
Walter Burrell's little girl
says "Curm up!"



SERVICE UNITS — No. 30



THE STAFF OF AN R.A.F. ELEMENTARY TRAINING SCHOOL: By "MEL"

The pictures must tell their own story, for it is not permitted to embroider them by any verbiage, however vivid and brilliant. The R.A.F. in wartime is compelled to be as silent as that other Service, the Senior one. The only time it is permitted to be what may be called vocal is when it is making a little trip over places like Stavanger, Aalborg, Sylt, and so forth, and then, as we know, it hits up a very considerable din, to the great detriment of all and sundry below it. The outstanding news, of course, is this: that we are on top of the Boche and have fully demonstrated to him that even when he sends forth his crack squadrons, we have something a darned sight better

LAST WEEK'S BIG DIVORCE

By MICHAEL ARLEN

ARMoured with the trickly fruity smile that had launched ten thousand invitations, withstood ten thousand snubs and won her an honourable position in Bayswater society, Mrs. Bach-Blenheim preceded poor Mrs. Oilet into the Ritz at luncheon time. The head-waiter, accepting with calm dignity her obsequious greeting, conducted the ladies to the badly situated table which, with his unerring sense of exact social values, he had reserved for them.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bach-Blenheim as they sat down, "my dear, weren't the papers exciting last week!"

Poor Mrs. Oilet always tried to earn her luncheons with rich friends by being Bright. While never but dimly aware that she was one of the Shropshire Glastonburys, her spirit

quiet wistful face, so photogenique, conceals . . . ?"

"Emma," whispered Mrs. Bach-Blenheim hoarsely, her knife nipping the tail off her third sardine, "the stories I've heard about Clare Fontenoy would make you blush. My dear, honestly! It seems—so Betty Rousers says—that she absolutely refused to live with the poor man for ages, and of course, as it was mostly *her* money—well! Besides, it seems that he was so much in love with her that he simply stood for everything she did. . . ."

Poor Mrs. Oilet's eyes felt strained with bright absorption. Her feet ached intolerably. All morning she had been in and out of Oxford Street shops, searching for an inexpensive wedding present for a niece which would "look" like something.



"Oh, GOODY! You've come home a night before you said!"

had long since been broken by protracted terms of imprisonment in bargain-basements and at sales. Mrs. Bach-Blenheim said of her: "Really, one does think that a family like the Glastonburys might do *something* for that funny little Emma Oilet! So I give her a treat now and then—and she's such a Bright little thing, too, *when* you understand her."

"They were, weren't they, dear!" cried Mrs. Oilet, with anxious merriment. "Though one does wish, perhaps, for a little more *news*. But, of course, with this war . . ."

"Now, Emma, let's forget the silly old war for this once! I was thinking about that Fontenoy divorce last week. My dear, it was intensely absorbing for me because, as you know, my sister's best friend, Lady Rousers, has been *intimate* with the Fontenoy family for years. And *she* says that Sir Guy Fontenoy—such romance in that name, one always thinks—*she* says, Emma, that he's the most charming and enchanting man possible, whereas that Clare Fontenoy—*well!*"

"Such a lovely girl!" sighed poor Mrs. Oilet, forgetting herself. But she pulled herself up at once to smile brightly from her trapeze. "Don't tell me, dear, that her

"Until last summer," said Mrs. Bach-Blenheim with relish.

With the toe of her left shoe against the heel of the other, poor Mrs. Oilet eased off her right shoe. Then, her spirit sighing luxuriously as she twiddled her toes, her brown eyes snapped eagerly.

"My dear, he found her out?"

"In *flagrante*, Emma, as the judges say!"

Poor Mrs. Oilet's tightly anxious lips nibbled at laughter. "Dear, you don't mean he actually caught her!"

Mrs. Bach-Blenheim, hastily and wantonly peppering her omelette aux champignons, leant forward, grimacing as her foundation-garment gave a shrewd nip at the rolls of her martyred belly. "He came home—Fontenoy did—*unexpectedly*." Last July, this was, at night. Betty Rousers says the poor man's *horror* was—indescribable! Imagine, Emma! It seems, so his mother told Betty Rousers, that all the time Fontenoy was taking his cure at Vichy, his wife had actually given her lover a latchkey so that he could come to her most nights after eleven, the servants being abed. Well! Being modern is one thing, but such cool—depravity! And it seems—

"But who, dear, was the man?"

"Perhaps you've heard of him, Emma—Lord Bawstal—Rupert Bawstal. Betty Rousers says he lives on his wits and is a well-known pouncer."

"No, really!" Poor Mrs. Oilet's tight lips were pinched with indignation. "Yes, I've heard of Rube Bawstal—he got young Tony Glastonbury into trouble once—about a cheque or something, it was. No, *really!* That quiet wistfully pretty little face—and all the time she can tame a veteran pouncer like Bawstal."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Bach-Blenheim with relish. "And so it was arranged—decently, since he's a gentleman—for her to divorce Fontenoy, poor man, though his mother told Betty Rousers that he still *dotes* on her. And of course now, being divorced, he can't go into the Brigade but has had to take a commission in some obscure anti-aircraft thing. . . ."

"Some men," said poor Mrs. Oilet wistfully, "can be so silly about a pretty face."

Now on that night last July, Fontenoy let himself and his suitcase quietly into the house at about half-past eleven. Opening a door from the hall, he listened intently to the darkness within. Then he switched on the light. A thin dark man, heavily asleep in a worn chintz armchair, stirred alcoholically, then blinked half-awake.

"Quietly, my lord," smiled Guy Fontenoy. "It's in the bag, old boy. I'll give you the rest of the cash to-morrow. The detectives say you've done a swell job, and according to them you're the lover of the century. Good-night, Rube. See you to-morrow."

Upstairs, Fontenoy entered his wife's room. She was reading in bed, as always, and cried out in glad surprise. "Oh, goody! You've come home a night before you said!"

From the foot of the bed he smiled down at her infatuated, silly eyes with all that fair, boyish, cherubic, curly-haired charm that made Sir Guy Fontenoy so lovable. Thrilled by anticipation of his practised arms around her, she sighed: "Darling, come kiss me quickly."

He laughed whole-heartedly, his frank blue eyes enjoying themselves as at a schoolgirl's joke. "Darling Clare, I am going to divorce you." And he explained why.

Unbelieving, she gasped: "But I scarcely *know* Rube Bawstal! He's *your* friend—you've always brought him here."

"My dear," he soothed her, "it's all a joke, of course. A joke against your trustees. I know you're a good wife. But it's time for a change. When I suggested a divorce some time ago, your trustees said the maximum settlement on me would be two thousand a year. Very mean, I thought that. Now I have this evidence against you. Your lawyers will advise you not to fight it, my sweet. But I'm kind. I'll put this evidence away and let you divorce *me*—once your trustees settle enough on me to bring six thousand a year for life. Clear of tax, of course."

"Oh God," she whispered. "Oh God, this isn't *you*—tell me it isn't you!"

"It's business, Clare, that's all."

She shivered, her wistful, loving, silly eyes tormented by hope, despair, desperation, disbelief.

"Oh God," she sobbed, "it *can't* be true! Guy—after the way I've loved you—I love you—Guy, it can't be true!"

"But it is, dear," he said, in his charming prefect's voice.

An eye-witness reports

"...that the sheer, bewitching beauty of Bear Brand stockings is still available to all...that the home front is finding them invaluable for inspiring and maintaining morale (both masculine and feminine)...that their tenacious lease of life brings them under the heading of 'Definite Economies'."

This abbreviated report from our special correspondent seems to indicate that you should now, more than ever before, ask very firmly for Bear Brand when buying stockings.



Bear Brand Silk Luxury Stockings

3/11 · 4/11 · 5/11 · 6/11 7/11

PETROL VAPOUR By W. G. McMINNIES

Testing a 1940 Humber

IT is a rare experience to have a brand-new model, a full tank, and the freedom of the road for a couple of days.

And one doesn't realise the full pleasure of long-distance motoring until one has been deprived of it for some months. Also, there's a new interest in seeing country and roads one knew in peacetime under war conditions.

A 1940 Humber "Sixteen" provided my means of transport. It has been produced primarily to capture more overseas trade, for the Rootes' selling organisation behind it is maintaining full pressure on the foreign markets it has cultivated so carefully during the last decade. Secondly, a limited number is available for home consumption, and if you knew how many Humber and Hillman orders are on the books at Coventry, you'd be surprised at the demand. For people are still buying cars. Well, this model has the styling and finish that made the Humber reputation some years ago. The designers gave the sales side everything they asked for, a rare thing in the days when considerations of price often interfere with one's ideals. The result is a car of imposing appearance, obvious quality and comfort, and remarkably good performance. How the engineers have combined silent cruising at 60, a consumption of 23 m.p.g., and the politest manners on Pool petrol, I can't think. Anyway, the car has all the good manners, even when pulling hard at low speed, that one was accustomed to in the peaceful, pre-Pool period.

At the moment, it costs £415. There's heaps of room in all three dimensions for five. The front seats fit so well that they almost hug you. The driving view, fore and aft, is excellent, and there's one of the biggest luggage boots I've ever seen on a car of this power.

Lorry Drivers' Shacks

THE country was basking in spring sunlight. Its freshness and tidiness impressed me, just as it always does when I first see it again after a few weeks on the Continent. But there are blemishes. One of them is the messy array of tin sheds and huts that form the lorry drivers' usual stopping-place. Several of these pull-ins flank Watling Street, and the more seedy they look, the more popular they seem. On the other hand, there are at least two that aspire to better things. At any rate, they are substantial brick buildings, and the one outside Towcester has some claims to architectural design. The other, on the Dunchurch section, offers bed and breakfast for the trifling sum of half-a-crown. I wonder what it consists of! Five shillings is the lowest sum I've ever paid for this facility, and the value offered was immense. A Vi-spring bed, running water, a modern bath, and far more bacon and eggs, tea, toast, marmalade and butter than I could eat. But half-a-crown—that's cutting it a bit too fine.

Some day, perhaps, someone will come along and build a series of standardised rest and refreshment rooms for the lorry-drivers. There is, or will be, plenty of trade to keep these places going, and if the design were simplified and confined to essentials, there is no reason why they should not pay.

Lifts for the Troops.

WHAT a grand idea of the R.A.C. to issue windscreen labels to drivers willing to give lifts to members of H.M. Forces. The Air Force, whose activities are generally situated out in the wilds, miles from the nearest village, will be specially appreciative. Whether some new records in long-distance hitch-hiking will be established by those returning from week-end leave remains to be seen. But as it took a friend of mine from 3 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon to 6.30 on Monday morning to do an eighty miles' rail journey back to camp, even a series of hitch-hikes would be an improvement. So don't forget, write the R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1, for a label.

Roundabout Waste

THE simple grass mounds used as roundabouts at the approaches to Oxford are a model of good design and simplicity. But in this detail of road-planning there is the same lack of standardisation, as there

is in such things as kerbs, surfaces, lighting, width and warning signs.

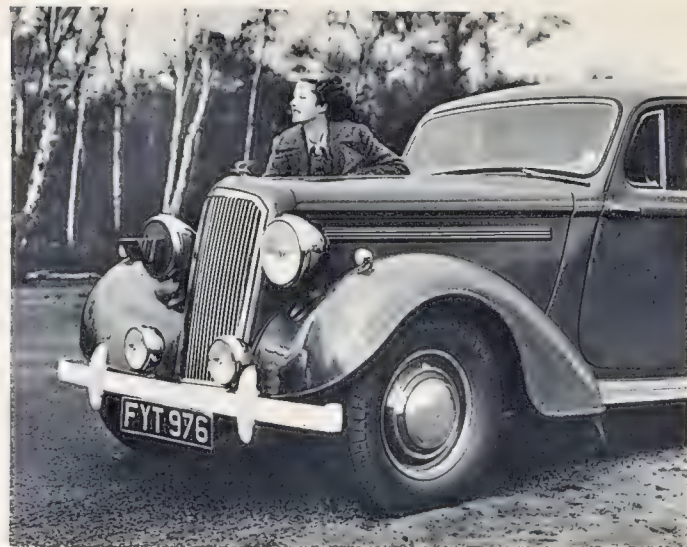
As an example of extravagant roundabout design, let me catalogue the following furniture with which certain local authorities deem it necessary to deck a straightforward four-road crossing. Eight oak posts complete with road names, eight bollards, illuminated at night; one main electricity standard, and one big "Keep left" sign, also illuminated at night; eight green bollards and two other lights, not to mention the necessary kerbing and white lines.

One notices this sort of elaboration in other directions. On the Watford by-pass, for instance, there are four or five warnings and signposts, presumably erected by different bodies, within two hundred yards of a roundabout. They all have to be maintained. On the other hand, an idea which seems to reduce road-maintenance charges is the use of green-painted tar-macadam instead of grass for verges and the central strips of twin-track layouts. I came across a stretch of this south of Bristol last summer, and another short stretch on the new Coventry by-pass. It is neat, clean, does not offend the eye or need mowing.

Two-wheel Transport

WHEN in Coventry, I called on the Francis-Barnett people, pioneers of lightweight motor-cycles. They reported excellent export prospects, especially with their autocycles and lowest-powered motor-cycles. The main difference between these two types is that the motor-bike proper has a three-speed gear, while the autocycle has not.

In many cases a buyer, once interested in an autocycle, will decide eventually on a miniature motor-bike. It only costs a few pounds more, and is very little heavier or less manoeuvrable than the power-assisted bicycle.



A 1940 HUMBER "SIXTEEN" SALOON

This pleasing study features the striking new frontal appearance of this smart car, with which the writer of this article deals. The car forms an attractive frame to its fair companion



A SMILING SERVICE GROUP, INCLUDING "JOHN BULL" (DACHSHUND)

Owing to the present prevailing conditions, the change of name where the hound was concerned was deemed necessary! The names otherwise are (l. to r.) Captain Esson-Scott, the racing motorist; the Hon. Mrs. Esson-Scott, who is Lord and Lady Falkland's elder daughter; and Brigadier F. W. Beall



*"Didn't you call for
Black & White?"*

More and more people are calling for "BLACK & WHITE" because of its fine flavour and character. It is a firm favourite with the new generation as well as the old. "BLACK & WHITE" is a most effective stimulant at all times, and is especially helpful in these days of stress and strain. It relieves fatigue and renews your energy. Call for it by name—

"BLACK & WHITE"

"It's the Scotch!"



AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Strip Please

TO the aeronautically inclined, some of the strip cartoons which appear in our daily newspapers are particularly pleasing. I am thinking especially of the ones in the *Daily Mirror*, which show various kinds of aeroplane in heart-stopping action, controlled by weird and whiskered characters, or conveying lush dames from one kind of trouble to another. For here is the curious thing about these cartoons; that, although the daily newspapers generally show an almost complete disregard for accuracy on matters aeronautical, these cartoons show actual aircraft with all the bits and pieces absolutely right.

"Wellingtons," "Spitfires," and various kinds of de Havilland, Hawker, Blackburn, Saunders-Roe and other makes have appeared from time to time. There has also been a plentiful scattering of German machines, including Heinkels, Dorniers and even—just lately—the Focke-Wulf "198," a new type of fighter which has not yet been seen at the front, but about which a good many facts are already known.

The way in which these machines are presented argues an intimate knowledge of aviation on the part of the artists, because they are fitted into the restricted frame of a strip cartoon in such a way that they can be made to play their parts in the wildest happenings without ever losing that essential character which a pilot can always see in an aeroplane. Incidentally, I am told that the strip which shows the adventures of a young girl and her dog has a similar accuracy and up-to-dateness in the matter of fashions. This girl—so my experts inform me—is always shown wearing the right things, at the right times and in the right way, and her frequent disrobing acts reveal that the rightness is built up on sound foundations. That, however, is less strange than that aircraft should be correct; for aircraft have been the bane of artists from time immemorial, and I doubt if the artists of King Bladud's day got his wings anywhere near right. So let us welcome the accurate strip cartoon. It portends a national understanding of aviation.

Air Publicity

I have been a little resentful lately of the way in which the defenders of the Ministry of Information have tried to put the blame for propaganda failures on to the Service departments. Thus it has been argued that the real reason British and French air successes get so little attention is not that the

Ministry of Information is incompetent, but that the Air Ministry has failed to "release" the news or do something else necessary to its propagation.

I suppose I have as much experience of the ways of the Air Ministry in handling news as anybody in this country. And I

the responsibility. For failures in British aviation propaganda the Ministry of Information is responsible, and it ought to be made to accept the responsibility.

Meanwhile we have had an important new appointment in the air publicity world; that of Air Commodore Harold Peake to

be Public Relations Officer at the Air Ministry. I have heard high opinions expressed of Air Commodore Peake, and I shall look forward to seeing him keeping up the Air Ministry end even more firmly than it has been kept up in the past. He will have to scotch at the outset this charge that it is the Air Ministry and not the Ministry of Information that is to blame when air publicity goes wrong. He will also have to see that no inferior publicity matter emanates, officially or unofficially, from the Air Ministry.

Meanwhile I feel that all newspaper men will wish to give a word of recognition to the fine work done that all newspaper men will wish to give a word of recognition to the fine work done in this department by Mr. C. P. Robertson and, more recently, by his assistant, Mr. Harold J. Wilson. They understand the problems of the newspapers and they have always been sympathetic and helpful. I do not think that the authorities have appreciated their value to the Ministry in the past. If they had seen things from the newspaper side they would have done so, for the number of occasions on which these two have succeeded in protecting the Air Ministry from scalding criticism is enormous.

Fleet Air Arm

DURING the opening stages of the war very little was heard about the activities of the Fleet Air Arm, and so I took the trouble to go down to the Admiralty and to make some inquiries about its activities. I felt certain that readers of *The Tatler* would like to hear about them. At the Admiralty, however, I was given very good reasons why the Fleet Air Arm's movements should be kept dark, and I accepted them and said nothing. After the opening of the Norwegian campaign, however, things altered a little, and the Fleet Air Arm came into the news. It has been doing magnificent work in attacking enemy warships.

Before the Norwegian campaign, as I can safely say now, the Fleet Air Arm was almost incessantly occupied in searching various parts of the oceans of the world. It was, in fact, continuously at work, and it did fine service, although none of it ever reached the news. I think the Fleet Air Arm is proving worthy of its Service, the Royal Navy, and no praise can be higher than that.



Stuart

THE C.O. AND STAFF OF AN R.A.F. TRAINING SCHOOL

It seems hardly necessary to make any remark as to how busy the R.A.F. is at this moment and how much busier it may yet be, as the enemy has the best possible information as to this

The names in the above group are: (l. to r., standing) F./O. Danby, F./O. Ballinghall, Flt.-Lieut. Oldbury, Flt.-Lieut. Nathan, F./O. MacDonald, F./O. Halls, Flt.-Lieut. Cole, F./O. Masefield, F./O. Clarke; (sitting) F./O. Ashton, Flt.-Lieut. Middleton, Flt.-Lieut. Taylor, A.F.C., Sq.-Leader Capel-Cure, Sq.-Leader Oliver, C.O., Flt.-Lieuts. Birch, Forshaw, Smith, Jarrett

say this, that the Air Ministry is not to blame. Moreover, the responsibility is clear and rests with the Ministry of Information. If a newspaper makes a mistake, the editor does not try and shift the blame to his staff. He is responsible and he accepts



THE REV. M. H. EDWARDS, CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF, R.A.F.

At the beginning of the last war the Rev. Maurice Henry Edwards was a naval Chaplain, but transferred to the R.A.F. in 1918. He has just been appointed to his present charge in succession to the Rev. James Rowland Walkey, who is retiring

Chesro Trade Mark Frocks

IN TOOTAL FABRICS

Regd.



EA56



EA166



EA204

Three charming frocks that won't strain the war-time budget. Attractively styled and faultlessly cut, they have all the distinction associated with Chesro productions. Materials are trustworthy in wash and wear. Only TOOTAL FABRICS are used, and all TOOTAL FABRICS are guaranteed.

Chesro model EA56. Graceful frock in printed "TOOTOILE"—a fine crease-resisting rayon. Becoming draped bodice, with flared skirt. Will wash and wear excellently—wash as silk. Various sizes and colours.

Chesro model EA166 in "LYSTAV"—a crease-resisting rayon. Trimmed novel combination of padded embroidery and broderie Anglaise. Skirt gently flared, with smoothly stitched pleats. Washes splendidly—wash as silk. Various sizes and colours.

Chesro model EA204. Youthful style in Floral "TOBRALCO"—the famous wash and wear fabric. Smart new double revers interlined contrasting shade. Delightfully slim waistline, achieved by the perfect lines of the frock. Various colours and sizes.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE tramp entered a coffee-shop in New York and asked for a glass of water. He emptied the glass, used a napkin to wipe his mouth, and helped himself to a toothpick as he made for the door. The manager glared at him. "Look here, you," he snapped. "I notice that whenever you manage to dig up a few coins you go to that restaurant across the street to eat. But when you're broke, you always come running in here for a glass of water and a toothpick!"

The tramp shrugged. "You should feel flattered," he stated calmly. "It proves you stock a superior brand of toothpicks!"

"WAITER," called the diner sharply, "the oyster in this stew is not enough even to flavour it." "Sure, suh," answered the darkie waiter, "he wasn't put in to flavah de stew. He's jes' supposed to christen it."



JESSIE MATTHEWS AND SONNIE HALE IN THE OLD PALAIS DE DANSE NUMBER. Another of the many amusing little digs at things as they used to be in Grandma's days. *Come Out to Play* is a catchy and amusing dance-and-song show all throughout.

AN order issued by a certain Army Command in Britain is an example of how official pronouncements can brighten the duller day.

It refers to certain coloured leave-passes, and runs as follows: "Members of the Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service will show their pink forms whenever called upon to do so."



"TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY" AGAIN IN "COME OUT TO PLAY"

Roma Darrell, Deidre Mack, Josie Bartlett, and Phyllis Douse, reviving memories of Lottie Collins forty years ago at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in this new, bright show at the Phoenix, in which Jessie Matthews and Sonnie Hale lead the attack. In those old times "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" used to be considered just a little shocking, but now . . .!

HE was a very well-built sergeant-major, and full of his own importance. "Drill's important," he said to a batch of new recruits. "It develops the body. Look at me!" he added, with a smirk. "Not so long ago I was said to have the finest chest of any man in the British Army!"

"And now it's slipped!" sighed a voice from the back of the group.

A sergeant of the Royal Engineers went into a timber merchant's office.

"I want some timber for a bridge," he said.

He was ushered into the director's office, given whisky and a cigar, and promised the best timber procurable.

"Now, where does this bridge go?" asked the director.

"On my fiddle," replied the sergeant.

THE barber was talkative; the evacuee child was taciturn.

"Well, my little man, where did you come from?"

No reply from the child.

"Where did you live before you came here, my little man?"

Solemnly the little boy pointed to the poster: "Carelessly spoken words may give away secrets."

Only the clip of the scissors broke the subsequent silence.

HE had been enjoying a lively evening out and was waiting for the train to take him home. After a time he wandered up to the signal-box door. For some moments he gazed in wonder at the signal-man pulling over his levers.

Then gradually a smile of understanding came over his face, and he exclaimed: "Mine's a bitter!"

A recruit, weary of army life, thought he would try to "work his ticket."

He sketched a duck on the barrack-room wall, and began to throw crumbs of bread to it.

When the sergeant saw him, he gave him a large shovel.

"What's this for?" asked the recruit.

"You go into the field at the back," answered the sergeant, "and dig and dig until you come to water for a pond. Then your duck can swim in *real* water and not on a brain-wave."



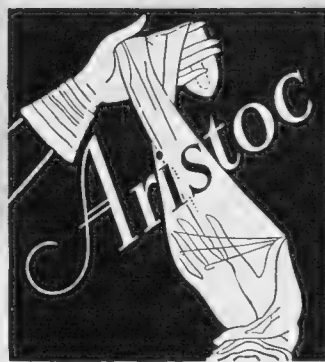
Photos.: Swarbrick Studios

AND JESSIE MATTHEWS AND HAL THOMPSON IN ANOTHER DANCE

In this new show, of which the Phoenix audiences seem to approve immensely. It has been justly said that you cannot expect to get better dancing than Jessie's, and Hal Thompson is a worthy partner.

Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE



SHANTUNG and summer go hand in hand. Therefore, with their usual flair for what is needed Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are specializing in house frocks made of this material. The colour schemes are really lovely. To them must be given the credit of the model above; note the gracefully draped sash and puff sleeves. Printed linen has been used for other models; then there is something quite different which may be described as tailored house frocks

IT is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jay's, Regent Street, that the ensemble on the right may be seen. The dress is carried out in a cloud-grey wool fabric. The coat is of the same material and colour, strewn with snow-white spots. Of it one may become the possessor for 12½ guineas. Ultra smart, too, are the suits with short coats of Scotch woollen check and dresses of plain bouclé; they are 8½ guineas and are in the catalogue



Pictures by Blake



By appointment to

the late King George V.

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When you give a Ring you give more than an ornament. You give a symbol. To be sure that the Ring is worthy of the occasion it is imperative that the choice should be wide and that experts should be ready to advise if advice is needed. How important it is, therefore, when buying an Engagement Ring, to deal with a firm that can show you a wide range both in design and price. In the Showrooms of The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company these conditions are observed.

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LEDA C

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A hard-wearing medium service weight, 6-thread stocking. Clear silk, with lisle feet and tops. Shades of javanese, rose beige, sunbeige, new java, thatch, beaver, white, gunmetal or grey. Sizes 8½ to 10½. **6/11**

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CHECKS AND PLAINS



NO woman has any excuse for looking dowdy when it rains, as Dunlop water-proofs represent the acme of smartness and are endowed with an altogether charming air of distinction. For doubtful days there are models of spun checks, gingham checks, spun silk checks and spun tweeds, all Lastex proofed by the Dunlop process. Standing out with prominence is the model pictured. Note the bold check pattern which is available in many colour schemes, the inset sleeves and narrow belt

LILLYWHITES, Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have really the nicest sweaters imaginable. There is something that places them on a plane apart. To them must be given the credit of the woollen affair on the right. It is of soft wool, the collar being a continuation of the finely ribbed yoke. As will be seen, touches of white are cleverly introduced, and the price is 37s. 6d. There are others in chenille yarn for 30s.; they are available in summer colours, a great advantage

SPORTS enthusiasts know well that nowhere are their needs more successfully considered than at Lillywhites. Above may be seen a decidedly useful outfit, which is available at a very pleasant price. There is the skirt, of a soft wool fabric, the pleats stitched at the edge, for 35s. The ribbed wool sleeveless cardigan is 30s., the scheme being completed with a crêpe shirt. There are many versions of this theme

Pictures by Blake

The Social Round

(Continued from page 162)

Howard Linn belongs of course. She is Chicago's Lady Diana; having brains and beauty, she puts on plays in French and plays the leads.

In a postscript to the Palm Beach season, my correspondent says it was a bigger prosperity circus than ever. The British titled element was scarcely missed. Too bad. Mrs. Richmond Temple proved a quiet and delightful visitor from London. She stayed with the Albert Worswicks, Canadians who own a palace there and a *pied-à-terre* in Carlton Gardens. Mrs. Temple's son-in-law was lost in the *Thetis*, a year after his marriage.

St. George's Day Luncheon

The huge audience who had come to hear Mr. Winston Churchill at Grosvenor House was visibly downcast when Lord Queenborough announced at the cocktail stage that their favourite orator could not appear, but Mr. Duff Cooper rose to the occasion so magnificently that every one came away content and glowing with admiration for his choice of language, though personally I find his delivery



MARRIED LAST SEPTEMBER

A snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Charles Fitz Clarence taken at their wedding on September 28, 1939. We much regret that the date was wrongly given as March 25, 1940, in THE TATLER of April 3. Mr. Fitz Clarence is in the Irish Guards and is heir to the Earldom of Munster

too rapid. He is our best after-meal speaker; not an orator. Lord Queenborough's family party included his two younger daughters: Audrey in red, and Enid, who looks so like her half-sister, Lady (Adrian) Baillie, in dark blue, and with them were Mrs. Waterman Pitt in pearl grey, Mrs. Cecil Brownhill whose coat fasteners were huge white buttons painted with blue and red heads of St. George and the Dragon, and "Jock" Colville, one of the P.M.'s secretaries. Constance, Duchess of Westminster, and Miss Norah Gillespie sat with the Willingdons. Others I saw in the enormous crowd—Christobel, Lady Amphyll, whose smart black suit had white frills; pretty Mrs. Martin Soames (Myra Drummond) escorted by Sir "Shaver" Hamond-Graeme, whose wife is on the sick list; Sir "Archie" Weigall; Sir Alfred and Lady Knox; Lord Ebbisham surrounded by City pals; General Sir Aylmer Haldane; and Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Roger Keyes. Every one appreciated Mr. Duff Cooper's happy quotation from a seventeenth-century Lord Halifax, and expressed admiration for the cunning way in which "Duff" won a disappointed audience in the first sentence by describing himself as "a willing stop-gap—one of the unemployed."



{ "A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her?"

Tennyson.



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WEDDINGS and ENGAGEMENTS

Recently Engaged

The engagement is announced between Mr. John Shelley, elder son of Sir John F. Shelley, Bt., and Lady Shelley, of Crediton, Devon, and Miss Dorothy Irvine Ingram, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Ingram, of Monkton Combe, Bath; Mr. Hans Frederick Rowan-Hamilton, only son of Sir Orme and Lady Rowan-Hamilton, of 9 Thurloe Square, S.W.7, and Miss Angela Mary Francesca Phillimore, third daughter of the Rev. E. G. Phillimore, of 18 Havelock Road, Southsea, and of 19 Harrington Court, Glendower Place, S.W.7; Mr. George Hanbury Fielding, 3rd The King's Own Hussars, only son of the late Major G. K. Fielding, and Mrs. Fielding, of Château d'Oex, Switzerland, and Miss Beatrice Georgina Pope, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Maurice Pope, of Ashwicke Hall, Chippenham, and 54 South Street; Mr. Peter R. Hodge, Royal Artillery, younger son



A. H. S. BROS.

MISS JOAN BURTON

Only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Burton, K.C.I.E., I.C.S., and Lady Burton, of Nagpur, Central Provinces, India, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John David Henson, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, youngest son of Commander G. N. Henson, R.N., and Mrs. Henson, of Oakerland House, Hexham, Northumberland



MR. AND MRS. EDWARD CHRYSTIE YOUNGE

Whose wedding took place recently in Singapore. The bride was formerly Miss Gladys Ann (Susie) Seward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seward, of Strawberry Gardens, Normandy, and Mr. Younge is the son of Mrs. and the late Mr. E. A. Younge, of Sefton Park, Liverpool, and a nephew of Lady Palmer. Lord Russell of Liverpool is his first cousin. Included in the group are: Mr. Stanley Craig (best man), Mr. L. Froggatt and Mrs. L. Froggatt (matron-of-honour)



Charles

CAPTAIN AND MRS. ALLAN MOODY

Whose wedding took place recently at St. John's Church, Hove. Mrs. Moody was formerly Miss Margot Bell, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Bell (Indian Army) and Mrs. Bell, of Brighton. She was presented at Court in June 1931 by her aunt Lady Head. Her husband is in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers

Saturday's Wedding

The marriage will take place on Saturday, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, between Lieutenant Michael Eveleigh, 17th-21st Lancers, and Miss Heather Stow.

A reception will be held afterwards at Claridges.

of Sir Rowland Hodge, of Chipstead, Churt, Surrey, and Miss Mia Macklin, younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noel Macklin, of Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey; Mr. Philip George Anthony Diack, younger son of the late Sir A. H. Diack, K.C.I.E., C.V.O., C.B.E., and Lady Diack, and Miss Mary Gwendoline Barlow.



The deepest and most lasting of all waves—the strongest of all curls.

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A new design on an American last for smart sports wear. In white/wine, red calf, also brown/white, blue/white, black/white, also all black and all navy. **55/-**
Sizes 4 to 8.



American design sports shoe, briar calf with leather cuban heel, perforated vamp. In brown/white, blue/white, also in brown, navy, black. **55/-**
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A charming model in sandal design, suitable for afternoon or semi-evening wear. In black suède trimmed patent, also in brown, navy and grey. American last. **63/-**
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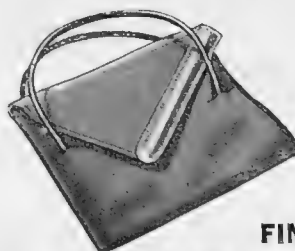


A very smart two-piece suit in soft black wool crepe with trimmings of chartreuse silk pique. Also available in other colours..... **7½ GNS.**

The tiny hat is in Bangkok straw with a soft veiling of wide-meshed net.

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CH. FINCHALE LASS

Property of Mrs. A. Russell

Members will have received the balance sheet, and will note with pleasure the satisfactory position of the association, which ensures our being able to face the future calmly. Members are standing well by the association, there have only been the usual average of resignations, no panic. The arrangements for a show the moment hostilities end are complete. All the judges who had consented to judge this year have signified their willingness to judge at our Victory Show; may it be soon! Great thanks are due to our chairman, the chairman of show committee, treasurer, and last but not least, our Mrs. Pye, for this splendid result.

One of the very best dogs for the home life is the French Bulldog. He is specially intelligent, very affectionate and likes home life and comforts. An added attraction is he hardly ever barks, so is adapted to flat life, also is not excessive in his wish for exercise. The French Bulldog is supposed to be descended from English Bulldogs taken to France in the middle of last century; he had developed along different lines and is now a regular Frenchman, an added attraction in these days! Mrs. Vaughan owns one of the foremost kennels of French Bulldogs. She sends

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

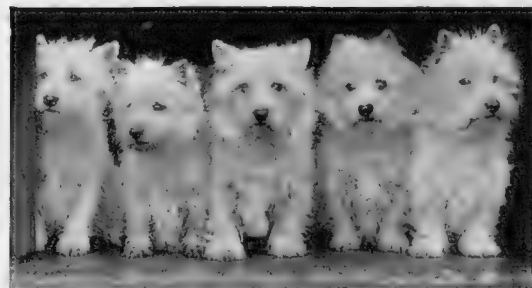
a photograph of a promising youngster, son of her well known winner, the Monster of Chatou, "Whip" would certainly have done well at shows. Mrs. Vaughan has three good stud dogs, so, though of course very little breeding is to be done, she will be ready to start when peace comes. There is now a fine young dog for sale. He was sold, but has been returned owing to the illness of his purchaser.

The Border Terrier has only comparatively lately been seen on the show bench, but he is a dog of great antiquity. He makes an excellent companion, he is hardy, intelligent, and possesses a coat which requires no attention. He is also game to the backbone and an excellent



WHIP OF CHATOU

Property of Mrs. Vaughan



WEST HIGHLAND TERRIERS

Property of Mrs. Pacey

ratter. Mrs. Russell owns a successful kennel. She has kept Borders for a number of years, but only started showing four years ago and has done extremely well. The photograph is of Ch. Finchale Lass, winner of six certificates. This lovely bitch is a beautiful specimen, and is absolutely game and fearless and a splendid worker to fox. Although breed operations are curtailed Mrs. Russell usually has a few puppies and young dogs for sale. The Border has so far not been spoilt by show bench exaggeration and I do not think it will be, owing to the hands it is in.

The White West Highland Terrier comes, as his name denotes, from the West Highlands. He comes from the original rough-haired Highland Terriers, from which Scotties and Cairns are also descended. For some unknown reason white dogs used to appear in the litters, these were taken in hand and the present day West Highlander is the result. I need hardly say the white was supposed to be the result of crosses with dogs from the Spanish Armada, where this legend persists all along the west coast. Mrs. Pacey's kennel is world famous, champion after champion has emerged from it, all of the one type.

All letters to: Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

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You can't help waking *sometimes* with a headache. There are lots of things can make you feel below par. Overwork, worry, stuffy rooms, smoking, eating or drinking too much—all these cause what doctors call an "acid condition."

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Get a 1/3 bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells, or any Chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

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The simple pleasures of a care-free life are unattainable in modern times. To-day, in a topsy-turvy world, we need the help of all the resources of science to maintain our health and nervous forces. The article below tells how you can meet the increased strain of life in war-time by taking an 8 weeks' course of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food.

What doctors say about *Spring*

"Spring," says the modern doctor, "is a season which threatens the health of many of us. Many of my patients tell me that *now* is the time they most need a tonic. Winter has sapped their vitality, Spring has tempted them to unwonted energy. Nature seems to have some way of reminding us that nerves and blood need extra nourishment before this extra energy can be used safely."

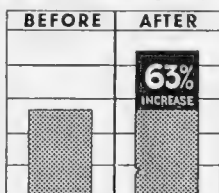
And *your* doctor will tell you that there is no better Spring tonic than 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food. It contains the two elements your body most urgently needs (organic phosphorus and protein) in *chemical combination*. Only in this form can they be wholly and easily absorbed into the system, where, steadily and surely, they do their great work of revitalising worn nerves and building rich, red blood.

This is the whole secret of 'Sanatogen'. It is no miracle worker, creating supermen overnight. It is a true tonic food which repairs the ravages of nerve starvation as surely and as naturally as water revives a parched plant.

That is why 26,721 Doctors have written in praise of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food: why, in the last war, a Cabinet Minister told the House of Commons that it is "a national necessity for preserving good nerves".

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Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 172)

the duration. However, I have got a good job; the place is warm: we have a canteen and a bar—and I have no complaints!”

I knew that they treated them a dashed sight too well, but I did not know that it was quite as good as all that! I feel to relieve the anxiety of the noble lord's friends that he is not one of the “inmates” but doing a fine job as Controller of Postal and Telegraph Censorship, and is only where he is because, as we must suppose, it is safer in The Clink or Pan for work like that than it would be outside.

Another pillar of the polo world, the author (with Jack Gannon) of the Code “Napolecon” is ploughing the dangerous seas in command of a flotilla and has told me that he is aboard a lucky ship and will tell me why he says so when the war is over. I am not quite so dumb as to be unable to guess. At sea scrapping one way or another eighteen days out of twenty and the operative word being “Sea,” you need to be in some kind of lucky packet to compete with success. Even landlubbers have sufficient imagination to realize the kind of stuff the ships have had to face.



THE THREE NEW VICE-CHIEFS OF STAFF

General Sir John Dill, the new Vice-C.I.G.S., formerly commanded the First Corps in France and British Forces in Palestine, 1936-1937, and was then G.O.C. in C., Aldershot. Vice-Admiral Tom S. V. Phillips, the former Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, now Vice-Chief, would, under the Order in Council, 1939, automatically act in direction of operations in the absence of the Chief of the Naval Staff, so that the change is one rather of name than of substance, and Air Marshal R. E. C. Peirse, the new Vice-Chief of the Air Staff, has been Deputy Chief at the Air Ministry since 1937 and was Deputy Director, Operations and Intelligence, 1930-1933. From 1933 to 1936 the Vice-Chief was A.O.C. in C. in Palestine and Transjordan.

Harking back of a purpose to Odger, the litterateur author of the standard work on “Libel and Slander,” I think it would have been wise if he had published it with a “D” in front of his name and written it in a more popular style, for even the part of his work on “Innuendo” is apt to go a bit above the head of the layman. He could have given us so much useful guidance upon border-line cases—that is to say, told A. how far she could go when writing or speaking of B. Such a case as I have in mind is one in which A. said that B. was “plain about the head.” B.’s solicitors in their sighting shot which invariably begins: “Our client’s attention has been drawn . . .” endeavoured to suggest that A. had said that B. was like a horse and that such an innuendo was defamatory in the highest degree. Another case was one in which A. said (at a tea party) that B. was “a hardy annual,” B. having been married five years and having five

(Continued on page iv)



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have to
be firm—

In order to secure one of the much prized bottles of Pimm's No. 1, you may have to try—and try again. Naturally the makers of Pimm's No. 1 are more than sorry. But there it is—the war has made it difficult to get supplies of the rare liqueurs and high quality ingredients which make this inimitable long drink so delicious. And above all, the quality *must* be maintained. To substitute second-rate ingredients would be unthinkable! Pimm's No. 1 must and shall remain Pimm's No. 1.

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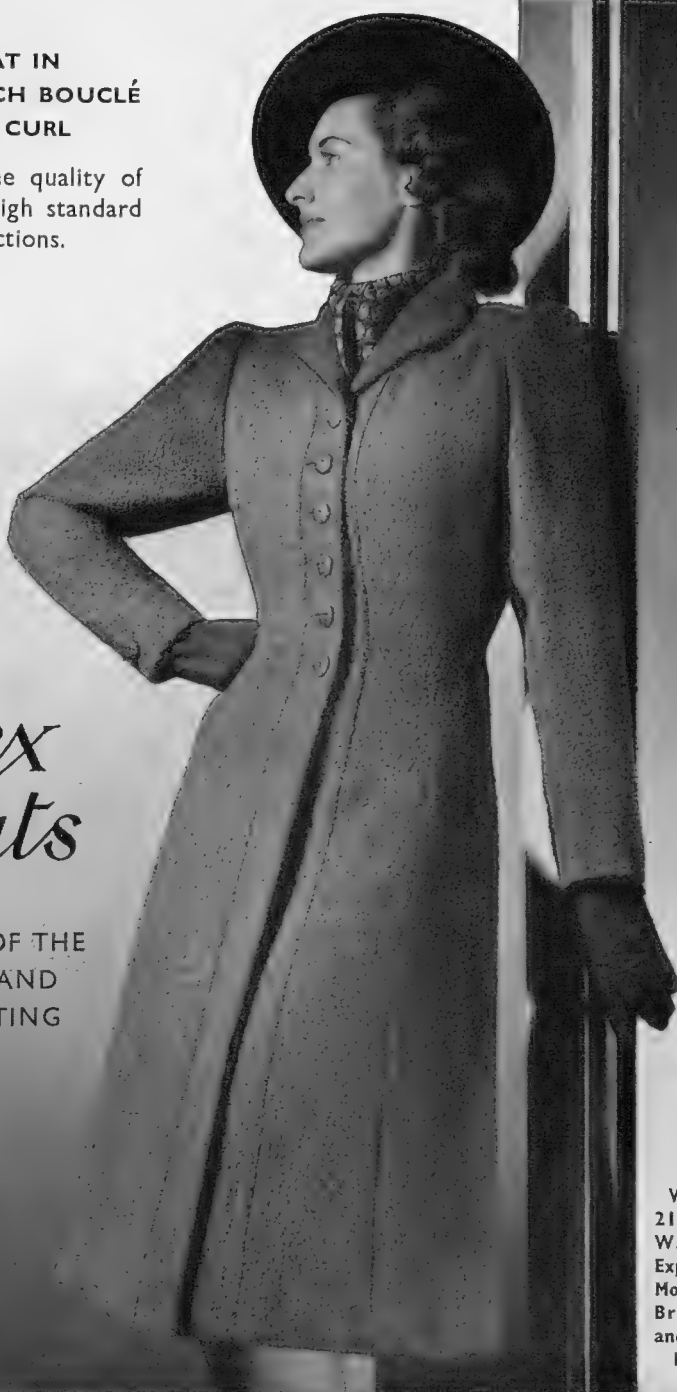
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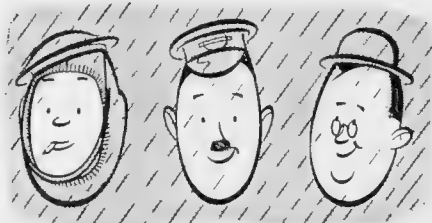
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Pictures in the Fire —(Continued from page ii)

offspring, one still at heel. Is it libellous to say of any one that he (or she) reminds you of a "middle white"—the word "pig" not being added, or to say as one mangler of our tongue did: "She thinks she's a skoin of a noble race, whereas we all know she's as common as mud." Again, seeing that our judiciary is so ignorant of slang, would A. be likely to get away with it if she said she had seen B. "pickled," "bottled" or "soused."?

* * *

A valued correspondent who is always such good value and in other days was a ballistics expert writes me about the origin of the stirrup and a recent letter from Lady Apsley:

"I wonder what is Lady Apsley's authority for saying the Normans were the only Western Cavalry who retained the iron stirrup? As the said Normans were rather late comers into the cavalry world it seems a strange statement. A still more curious and widespread myth is that fre-

quently repeated by writers who ought to know better, that the arrival of firearms at once did away with the importance and the superiority of the armed horseman, whereas in solid fact the precise opposite is the case. A little research will show that a large proportion of mediæval battles (pre-firearm) were won by knights fighting on foot, whereas the campaigns of the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, of Gustavus Adolphus, of Marlborough, and of Napoleon himself, were chiefly cavalry shows fought out in the saddle.

"Talking of cavalry, I heard of a dear lady friend of a friend of mine, who received a letter from her son who had just joined the Calcutta Light Horse, and informed her among other things, that the uniform was hot stuff. 'How like the War Office,' she exclaimed indignantly, 'to put them into thick uniforms in that climate. I have a good mind to write to our Member about it?' I believe she was pacified in time!"



AT THE SOUTH HERTS
PONY CLUB TRIALS

These interesting trials were held at Manor Farm, Old Knebworth, and Lord Lytton, the very distinguished owner of Knebworth, is looking on with Mr. Cory Wright and daughter

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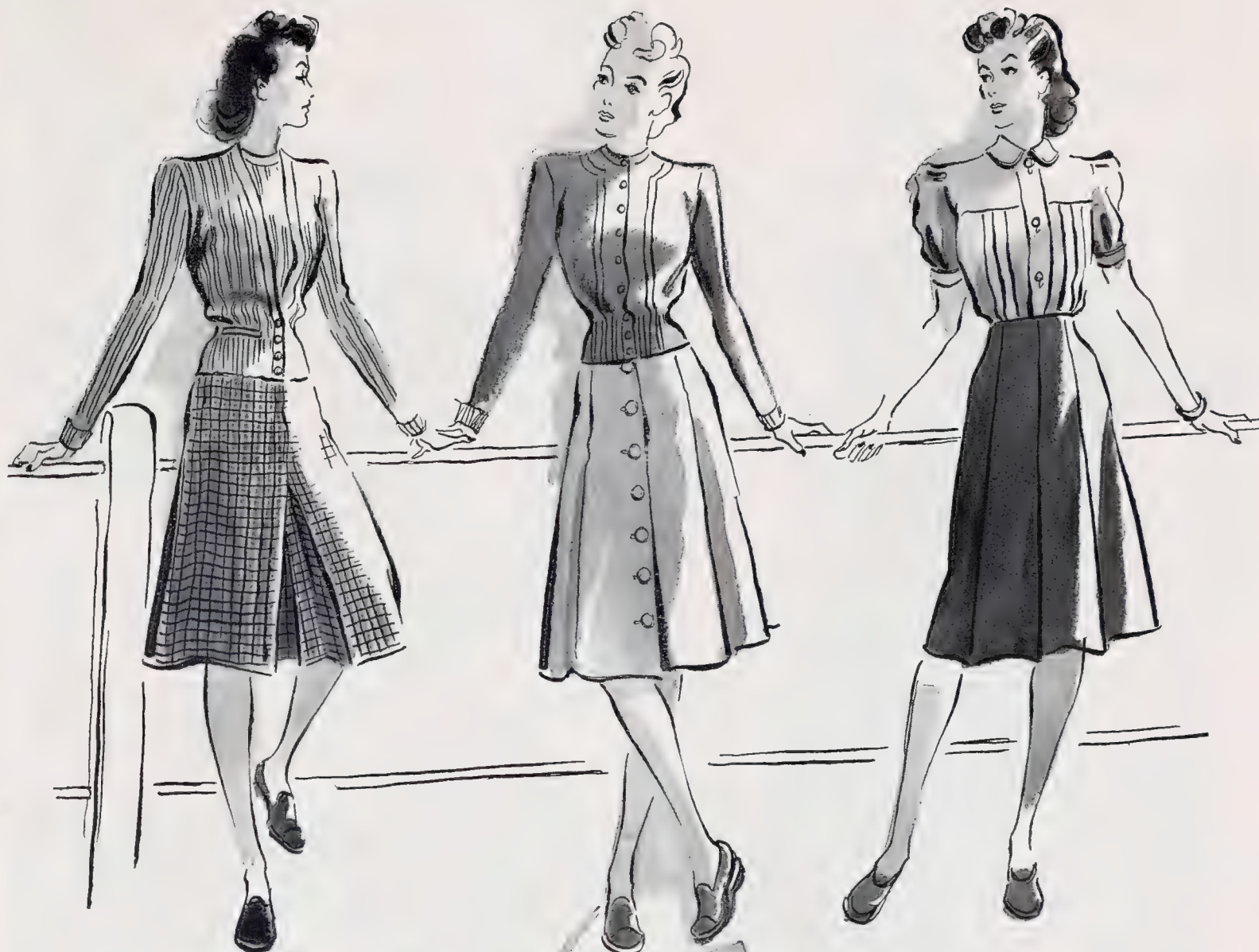
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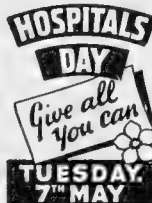
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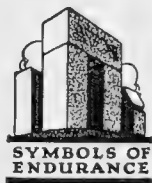
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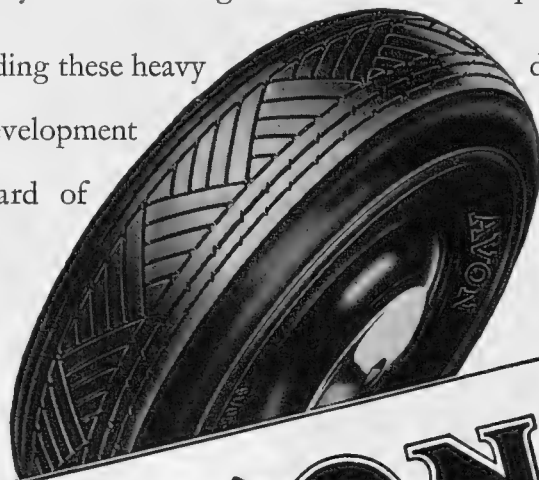
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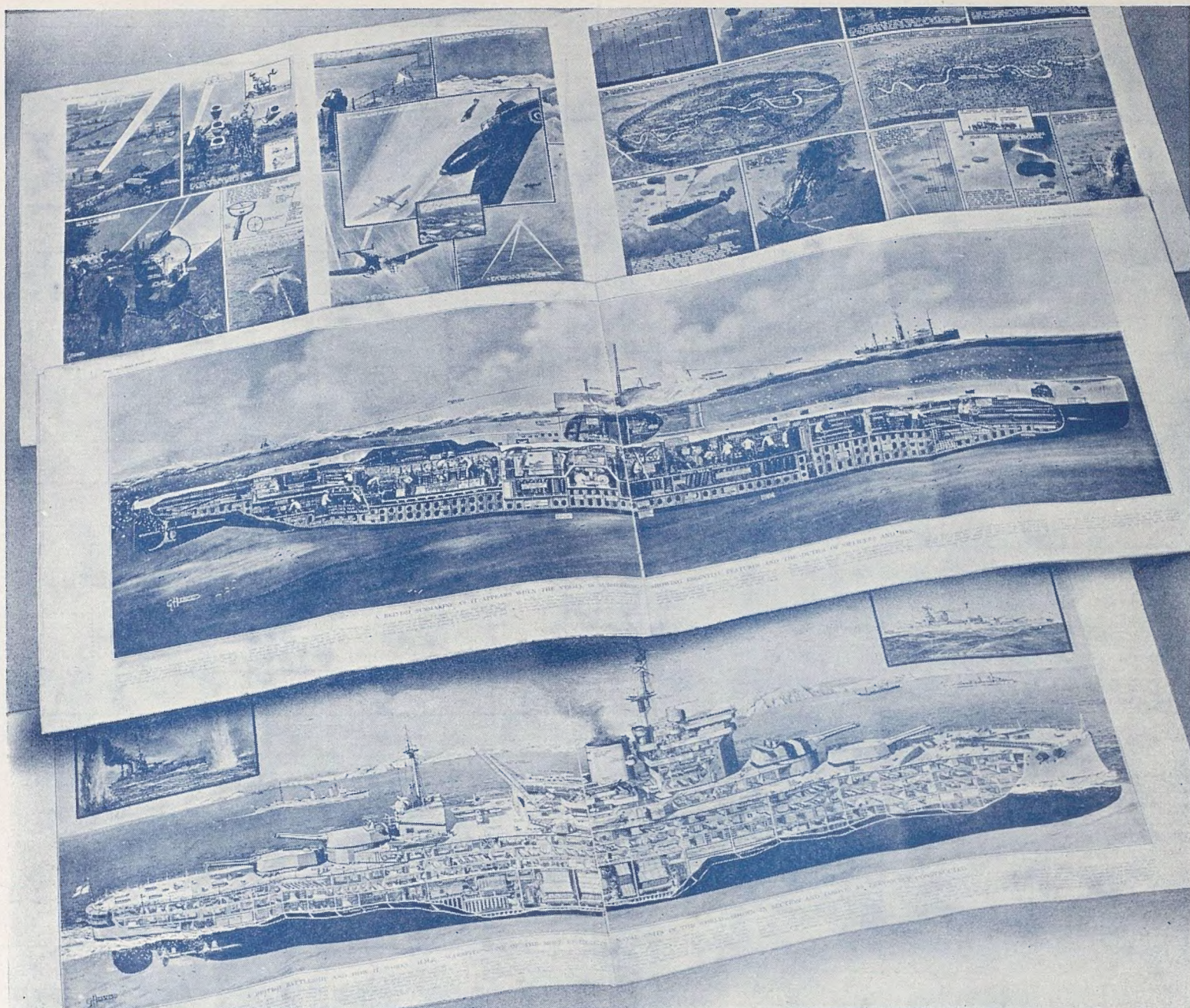
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